SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

In The London Observer there appeared, a couple of weeks ago these words about Canada: "The Dominion is literally saturated with American influence, personal, journalistic, financial; and in spite of Lord Grey's splendid and devoted efforts the Imperial sentiment is weakening in the absence of any vigorous effort to promote it on the part of the Mother Country. . . . . Unless preference is conceded in the next few years there can be no hope of preventing such a tariff treaty between the United States and the Dominion as would destroy the possibility of any permanent connection between Canada and the British Empire." These statements from The Observer are gravely quoted in other journals, such as The National Review, Public Opinion and others of like class and standing.

The object, of course, is to influence British public opinion in favor of tariff reform, but surely it would be possible to advance that cause without resorting to the use of arguments and statements that people in Canada are bound to resent. Is "the Dominion literally saturated with American influence, personal, journalistic and financial?" This country is saturated with the very same influences, whatever they may be, that caused troops to be sent to South Africa and a preference to be given British goods—both of which actions The Observer would interpret as evidence of a fine Imperialism. The attempt to make it appear that the people of this country are a lot of sheep flocking towards the neighboring Republic with no shepherd but Lord Grey to guide them aright, and the task beyond him, is one that will make the average Canadian hot under the collar. If it were true that the people of Canada were of any such mind as The Observer endeavors to suggest, neither "the splendid and devoted efforts" of the present Governor-General nor "vigorous efforts" from any outside source would count for much in the ultimate issue. But there is no such condition as the literature of tariff reform seeks to make out. The people of Canada are very much at their ease. Both political parties are committed to the protectionist policy. It is highly improbable that either of our parties would withdraw the existing preference on British goods; it is practically certain that either of our parties would cheerfully meet any proposals for mutual preferences put forward by Great Britain or any of the colonies. The average citizen would like to see this thing given a try-out.

As to reciprocity with the United States, it may be said that there is nothing in the history of past negotiations on the subject that would lead one to suppose that our neighbors are capable of framing up any kind of an offer but one so jug-handled that we could afford to refuse it with our eyes shut. It may be that under peculiar circumstances they might vary the long monotony of proposals ludicrously one-sided; they might do this in the hope of tying us up elsewhere to our disadvantage but our relatives at home might do us the credit of believing that by this time we know Codlin from Short.

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A FEW weeks ago a paragraph appeared on this page asking what was the matter with the people of England, and quoting the revolutionary language used by open-air speakers among the unemployed in London. Since then we have had some of the same talk in Toronto—talk so like the other that the conclusion is irresistible that the local orators have fashioned their style on that of their brethren at home. When a laboring man is out of work and hungry we have no right to complain if his temper ceases to be angelic. He may not be a wise man even when well fed, and sure of regular wages, and ill-fortune does not improve him. But while a man without food and with no great stock of intelligence may mount a box or a barrel and say foolish and extravagant things, and be forgiven on account of the circumstances that oppress him, there must be many who will not see how the public press can be justified in taking down this excited man's foolish threats and circulating them all over creation, as if they were hugely important utterances—ranking in public importance with the latest and choicest murder. We shall have much violent talk on the vacant lots if the speakers are ensured all the space in the newspapers that they can fill with red and blue language. These men are being encouraged in a line of foolishness not adapted to the country they are in. This is a country of workers. The man who owns the big warehouse that the furious orator advises his hearers to loot, was once as penniless as the orator himself, and no doubt among his hearers are men who will own big buildings of their own some day if they can but pull through present difficulties and keep pegging away. Very little of the wealth strangers see about them in this city was inherited—most of it has been pulled together within twenty-five years. Conditions may not be what an idealist, or a Socialist, would like, but they are far different from the conditions against which soap-box oratory inflames itself in Europe. Nor is public opinion here so tolerant of super-heated language.

Every possible effort should be made to find work for those who are unable to find it for themselves. But there should be some method in the business. The men who in the winter clamor for work and have it provided for them by the municipality in unusual ways, should have their names and addresses taken down, and, before they can next winter set up a claim against the municipality, they should be called upon to show where they have been and what they have been doing in the nine months of the year when they were not parading among the unemployed. Were they working? If so, were they exercising any of that thrift which in this country even the squirrels and chipmunks display?

Forty men were taken to the House of Industry on Saturday last and given their dinner, but when, according to the rules of the place, they were asked to do work to the value of the aid they had received, they refused to do so. Mayor Oliver was quite indignant when informed of this and said that if the unemployed were going to act in that way, they might as well keep away from the City Hall. On inquiry being made at the House of Industry, not only was the foregoing story confirmed, but it was stated that since Saturday forty-five men had secured food and lodgings at that place without in any way repaying the institution for its hospitality. Instead of doing the work expected of them, they swarmed over the back fence and departed. It will be remembered that last year when the unemployed were noisiest, the city engaged twenty of them to report one morning for work at a gravel pit where by special effort work had been prepared for them. Only one-third of the twenty put in an appearance, and the others bothered the City Hall no more. It is curious, in a country like this where people are brought up to abhor the idea of accepting charity in any form, to hear of forty-five men accepting food and shelter and refusing to pay for it. In some of these institutions it is not an uncommon thing for men of another stamp to apply for food and shelter, but stipulating that they shall do the work first, so that the food they eat will be their own, and the shelter theirs by right. One must feel a respect for the man who is built on this plan. We seem to have had an influx of people who have no prejudice whatever against the acceptance of charity, but are rather partial to it as the easiest way of getting a living. They seem to claim it as their right. With such people among us, and flocking to Toronto as their winter headquarters, it seems necessary that there should be opened a bureau of record at the City Hall for permanent reference as to the character and usefulness of these men. That men who will not work have a claim to be supported at the expense of men who do work, cannot be conceded for a moment in this country.

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HAVE you any stock in the Silver Bird, Blue Bell or Lucky Boys mines? If so, it will prove interesting to learn from the evidence given in court that Law & Co. received the gross amount of $235,258.58 from the sale of stock in these well-boomed properties. The total received from Highland Mary and other flotations was not stated, but must have been large. Of the widely advertised Highland Mary group of properties it came out in evidence that these claims having been abandoned by Law & Co. and thrown open to anybody, yet nobody has deemed it worth while to re-stake them. It should be instructive to know that claims which were capitalized at a million or two are now lying unclaimed, and may be had for nothing by any one of those who tumbled over each other in the effort to get a tiny look-in when the come-on advertisements were doing their fetching work in the newspapers.

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MOIR, the soldier, who shot a comrade at the London barracks, some months ago, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity and will be sent to an asylum. Experts declared him an epileptic; they said he was not responsible for his actions. No doubt the verdict was a just one. But there appears to be something wrong somewhere when a man of that kind is accepted as a soldier, supplied with a rifle, put within reach of an unlimited supply of ammunition, and his irresponsible mind loaded down with tuition in the theory and art of slaughter. Should we not, at least, be careful not to drill and arm our epileptics? It will scarcely do to leave this class of men at large and advertise among them the fact that if they commit murder they will not be held accountable as other men are.

ABOUT a year ago when W. T. Stead's son, who had been his assistant on The Review of Reviews, died, the grief-stricken father wrote a remarkable article in his magazine, telling all he knew, all he had fancied and hoped about his boy. It was such an article as other fathers may have written under the stress of sorrow, but it was such an article as no other father ever disposed of in the market-place of journalism. On reading it a cold chill ran down your spine, as when your best friend, on some public occasion, says or does something gross, inexcusable and utterly unlike himself. After the chill you feel a flush and want to divert attention, even if you have to break a window to do it. On reading Mr. Stead's article at that time I felt that the world was being admitted to places that should have been sacred. But having met Mr. Stead in Toronto, and having wondered at the sublime assurance of the man, his colossal egotism, which faced earth and heaven unblinkingly, I came to the conclusion that his free and expansive article on the death of his son, was one that he could not help writing.

Now that the son has been dead for about a year, Mr. Stead has come out with an article in The Fortnightly Review and in newspaper interviews, declaring that he has been regularly holding communications with the spirit of his son. In an interview cabled to New York he says: "New and wonderful letters are reaching me almost daily from my boy Willie, who died a year ago. . . . . Later on I will show you some of Willie's letters. They were written by my own passive right hand, which moves absolutely automatically. I exercise no will power in the matter either to hold the pen or to move it." The interviewer to whom Mr. Stead spoke thus, says that he appeared to be in perfect health, talked rationally and looked happy. "Willie's letters," declared the father, "are simply splendid." In his signed article in the magazine he claims that nobody could fool him with a bogus message from his boy. These messages were secured through the aid of a couple of his spiritualistic friends, but no hoax was possible, as he knew his son's mind and character too well for anybody to work off a bogus message on him from that quarter. What he seems to forget is that when he asks us to believe that he gets letters from his son, written by his own passive right hand, we have only his word for it that his hand is passive and under control foreign to himself. Is the handwriting his, or is it that of his son? We know, for instance, that he has been a spiritualist for years, and has vexed and excited himself so much on the subject, that, together with grief for the loss of his son, he can scarcely be accepted as a safe witness in a matter so strange. Also, when he says that others who have aided him in securing messages could not deceive him with a bogus one, he forgets that he has written and talked incessantly about Willie as he knew him, until his idealized vision of his son is by no means his own secret. Apart altogether from his views on spiritualism there are many who have long been in doubt whether Mr. Stead has been altogether rational. His amazing delusion that he is the secret source from which nearly all important movements in Europe have sprung during many years—his childish delight in telling of the great men he has met, what he said to them and what they said to him—convinced journalists in Toronto when he was here, that there was something brightly and brilliantly askew in his intellect.

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IN The Fortnightly Review, Mr. Stead relates a remarkable story about a photograph—what he calls the authentic photograph of a spirit. The man who took the picture, is, he says, an old and rather illiterate man, "but a clairvoyant and clairaudient." As Mr. Stead and a companion entered the old man's studio during the war in South Africa, this man informed them that the spirit of a Boer had entered with them. Mr. Stead asked if the spirit could be induced to answer any questions, and the photographer said he did not know. "Ask him what his name is," said Mr. Stead. After a pause the photographer replied: "He says his name is Piet Botha." Thereupon Mr. Stead declared that he knew Philip, Louis, Chris and other Bothas, but had never heard of one named Piet. "That's what he says his name is," replied the old photographer. One marvels that a conversation with a spirit so auspiciously begun, should have ended there, but so it seems. The visitors sat for a picture, and the photographer attended strictly to his business. Then:

> When the plate was developed a tall, bearded man was seen standing behind Mr. Stead, who waited until the war came to an end and General Botha came to London. He sent the photograph to General Botha by Mr. Fischer, Prime Minister of the Orange Free State. Next day Mr. Wessels, another Free State delegate, came to see him.
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> "Where did you get that photograph," he asked, "the photograph you gave to Mr. Fischer?" Mr. Stead told him exactly how it had come.
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> "I don't hold with superstition," said Mr. Wessels. "Tell me, how did you get that portrait? That man did not know William Stead—that man was never in England."
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> "Well," Mr. Stead replied, "I have told you how I got it, and you need not believe me if you don't like. But why are you so excited about it?"
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> "That man was a near relative of mine, said Mr. Wessels. "I have got his portrait hanging up in my house at home. He was the first Boer commandant killed in the siege of Kimberley."
>
> "And what was his name?"
>
> "Pietrus Johannes Botha," said Mr. Wessels, "but we always called him Piet Botha for short."
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> "This at least," Mr. Stead says, "is not a case which telepathy can explain. Nor will the hypothesis of fraud hold water. It was the merest accident that I asked the photographer to see if the spirit would give his name. No one in England, so far as I have been able to ascertain, knew that any Piet Botha ever existed."

The proper time for investigating this case was then, not now. It would, of course, be presumptuous to attempt to guess at any solution of a case like this, although we all know that almost any trick can be played by means of photography. There has been a great deal of hoaxing in connection with so-called spiritualism, and the art of photography lends itself so readily to manipulation that unbelievers will think that Mr. Stead was up against a stacked game that morning, and that his "rather illiterate" old photographer had a special plate all ready for use on his arrival. Mr. Stead startles the world without convincing it.

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WHAT a pleasure it is to a middle-aged man when, of a Sunday evening, he is searching through his bookshelves for some little volume that isn't there—having been loaned to some unworthy person and never returned—to come upon the old Public School reader that he used to study as a boy. If he opens it, if he glances into it, it will hold him for an hour. On the fly-leaf in the large scrawling handwriting that he used to admire he, of course, reads:

> "Don't steal this book my honest friend,
> For fear the gallows will be your end," etc.

This warning was supposed to safeguard the book, for what dishonest person picking it up with intent to steal, would not tremble and turn pale on seeing those ominous words staring at him from the very fly-leaf? To increase his fears there appeared along with the warning, and heightening its effect, a pencil sketch, of what purported to be a gallows with a wretch dangling therefrom. At any rate the book was not stolen, for here it is, rather worn and torn, but yet intact, and fairly crowded with schoolday recollections. Here, pencilled, on the inside back cover, is a sum in arithmetic, incorrectly worked out. Why is it there at all? Why, being there, is it incorrectly done? You cannot recall the incident of that sum, but perhaps you scribbled it there to show somebody how somebody else blundered in working out that exercise—and here it remains long years after to confound you in the presence of your children, as one who must have been a dunce at school.

The old reading lessons with the hard words underlined; double lines under the word by means of which you won the spelling match—for curiously, you remember the spelling match you won and have forgotten the many you did not win. The pictures in the old Reader were wonderful pictures and in imagination you travelled with Sir John Franklin and sailed on the Golden Hind and raced with the distraught mother amid "the winged winds that round your pathway roared."

When one considers the lasting impressions made on the mind by the school Readers, it would seem advisable that much thought should be given to the contents of these books. These volumes should teach good taste, good morals, good manners and patriotism. The child is more influenced than he knows by his lessons, and more than most teachers suspect. The Department of Education for Ontario has sent out letters to teachers asking them to offer suggestions as to selections they would like to see included in the new series of Readers, and while, by this means, many excellent suggestions will be received, it may be well to say here that a few hints might be secured from financiers and other warriors in the battle of life. Why not impress on the youthful mind, when in its most receptive state, certain warnings that are addressed in vain to grown men? For instance, why not put in the Fourth Reader a synopsis of the Law-Russell mining deals as brought out in the recent

THE LANGUAGE OF THE LINE.

It was morning—old Mount Royal
Sat a-smiling in the sun,
Casey walked around the engine
Coupled onto Number One;
Then the flagman let the wooden
Flail fall down across the street,
Watchin' Casey lift the flyer
Off her feet.

By a plain unpainted shanty,
Twenty train lengths down the track,
Sat a freckled kid astraddle
Of an ancient gunny sack;
And his voice rose high and higher,
As he cried: "Look, Mamma! Look!
Skin your lamps an' see the flyer
Git the hook."

BY CY. WARMAN.

court proceedings? It is, of course, a reproach to the intelligence of men, that they should have shovelled their money into these brokers' hands getting no return. But as men learn nothing from such exposures, perhaps children could be taught not to be "easy marks" if they had their eyes opened while in the schools. This is only one practical suggestion out of many along the same line that may occur to the officers of the Department in preparing the new Readers.

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THE people of London, St. Thomas and Port Stanley having voted in favor of having their electric car services operated on Sunday, it becomes necessary for those municipalities to secure authority from the Legislature to carry out the declared desire of the people. When these applications are put in there will, of course, be resistance. The interests that fought at the polls in the effort to get the people to declare against Sunday cars, will no doubt strive in the Legislature to secure an order denying to the people the convenience they have asked for. It is an uphill and vain fight. A great many of us regard it as a fight wholly unnecessary and ill-advised on the part of those who are sincerely desirous of preserving Sunday as a day of rest. People will not submit, in this age of electricity, to the rule of those who say that only such persons as own or can afford to hire horses, shall be free to go beyond walking distance of their homes on Sundays. In the old days when horses toiled along city streets hauling crowds of people, it was easy to persuade a man that all this toil of man and beast should cease one day in seven, but now that the work is done by electricity, much of the reason why people should deny themselves the convenience of public transportation on the day of rest has disappeared. The operation of the electric cars saves labor, both of horses and men. Nor do the predicted evils result. The character of a community is not so easily damaged as some would have us believe.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT must be about as mad as a hornet that has lost its sting. His successor has been elected, and all kinds of people and all kinds of organizations of people who feared him and disliked him, but kept quiet lest worse should befall them, have come out in the open and defied him since Taft was elected and the hour is securely fixed for Roosevelt to step down and out. His enemies appear to have come together with the intention of giving him the third degree. They intend to break him between now and the day in March when he is to quit. He cannot get away either. He must fight or get walloped lying down. One can almost imagine the look of amazement on the President's face as the Republic which he has cuffed and scolded for several years as no man ever did before, turns upon him at last and gives him blow for blow, laughs at the opinions which coming from him a few months ago would have been hailed with applause, and fires language at him that he never expected to listen to. The trouble is that Mr. Roosevelt is, in effect, a deposed ruler. The new king has pitched his tent in the plains, and the strong men and the courtiers and the money lenders and the office-seekers and the minstrels and the judges, the wise who want to get next and the foolish who want to see sights—are all flocking to the camp of the new king. One wonders if Mr. Roosevelt read the other day the stirring story of how the deposed ruler of Hayti made his escape to a steamer in the bay while a mob hooted, threw missiles and tried to drag him from his carriage. Mr. Roosevelt has bossed his job with great vigor, and in his day of power silenced all who offered to oppose him. It follows that he has bitter enemies, eager to humiliate him, anxious to so discredit him that he will cease to be a political factor, and have no chance of bobbing up again in any future Presidential contest. MACK.

THE Minister of Railways has said in an interview that any change that is made in connection with the Intercolonial "will not include either the sale or the lease of the road," which is owned by the Government. It looks as if the Ministry had thrown out feelers concerning the I. C. R. in order to provoke discussion with the result that public opinion is found unready to favor the handing over of the line to Mackenzie & Mann. It is probable that the line will be handed over to a commission to be conducted as a business enterprise instead of a political nuisance.

THE appointment of Dr. Peter Macdonald, of Wingham, to succeed the late John Cameron as postmaster of London, has called forth a pointed protest from The London Advertiser, which is an influential Liberal paper. Dr. Macdonald represented one of the Hurons in Parliament and was Deputy-Speaker for four years. The objection raised is not as against his fitness, but the claim is that a Huron man should not be sent to Huron to act as postmaster.

THE Grand Jury in Toronto last week brought in a recommendation to Mr. Justice Magee that wife-beaters should be given the lash. While the Judge did not think it likely that the suggestion would be adopted, yet he said that "in wife beating, where the prisoner can only be made to feel through his skin, and the wife beater cannot feel the degradation of such a crime, the lash could very well be applied."

A WRITER in The National Review, who signs "E. B. O." to an article on Canadian affairs, and who may be Mr. E. B. Osborne, who is now travelling in Canada, says that our politicians "are plagiarisms of Sir John Macdonald and other historic personages." In speaking of his journey across the Dominion he says: "A just sense of prospective is for the moment impossible, and I shall not regain it until I am back again in Toronto, the one Canadian city in which the atmosphere is suitable for meditation."

License Reduction.

TORONTO, January, '09.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: As a reader of SATURDAY NIGHT since its first publication I have always been struck with the fair and impartial manner in which its articles have been written, more especially in the case of license reduction. The old adage says *"vox populi, vox dei,"* but it has not always been borne out by history, as witness the French Revolution, etc.; but still the majority vote has to be carried out, and the question that now remains to be considered is what measures are the prohibitionists going to resort to to accommodate those people numbering very many hundreds who have been in the habit of having their glass of beer and light refreshments in the saloons during the lunch hours? Tea and coffee three or four times a day is apt to get monotonous, and, besides, where can a cup of such generous proportions as to quench thirst be procured for the sum of five cents? If the present crusade against liquor is to succeed even partially the prohibitionists must be prepared to open such refreshment cars as will supply the place of those they are about to abolish and which are

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.
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even now too crowded with customers to be pleasant. It seems to me that the clergy, who are no doubt actuated by what they consider the purest of motives, are in a sense undermining the faith of many people in the truth of the Gospels, and that the women who no doubt contributed much to the reduction vote have forgotten the words of the mother of Jesus at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee, "Whatsoever He sayeth unto you that do." For myself, who am a church member, I prefer the teaching of Christ to that of some of His ministers, for I cannot forget His words, "The Son of Man came both eating and drinking," nor also that His last public action was to pass round the cup of wine as a token and a remembrance. There are many of the clergy who are not bigotted, and who know that no legislation can make a man good against his will, and one at least prominent minister has called attention to this fact. Religious intolerance in the past has left its effects on history, and it is a well-known fact that history repeats itself. It is now for the church and all moderate people to grapple with the problems that must shortly arise and both give and take in a spirit of fairness and not widen the breach between many well-meaning and temperate people and themselves.

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

CANADIAN jurisprudence now requires that a candidate for the gallows shall have the high mentality of a college professor and the rugged health of a prize fighter.

A prisoner can scarcely be hanged in this country unless he possesses an exuberance of intellect which would qualify him for the principalship of a great university or for membership in the Canadian Society of Authors.

Not only must the mental balance of the accused be perfect, but he must be as free as a prize fighter from physical ailments, such as epilepsy.

It is a question of whether anybody is either sane enough or healthy enough to be hanged in this country if the refinements of Canada's criminal code are properly invoked in his defence.—Toronto Telegram.

BY deliberately pitting the power of human mind and character against the blind forces of geography Canadians have achieved in barely more than a generation a triumph over natural obstacles which is, perhaps, the most striking monument, in the modern world, of national decision and resource.—London Times.

ROJESTVENSKY, the Russian Vice-Admiral, whose fleet was annihilated in the battle of the Sea of Japan by Admiral Togo's fleet, is dead. It was his fleet, which on its way to the East, fired on British fishing vessels on the Dogger Banks, and nearly drew Great Britain into war.

UNDISTURBED by Lord Roberts's sensational speech of a month ago, the British War Office has just issued an order to the effect that "medal ribbons are not to be worn with pea jackets."

Notable Art Sales in London.

THIS last year has been notable in the history of art sales in old London. Three famous collections produced £250,000, and many others brought sums varying from £5,000 to £20,000.

Over eighty pictures realized more than £1,000 each, an unprecedented number for a single year. Of these the Stephen Holland sale contributed twenty-eight. In this sale Turner's "Mortlake Terrace" made the record of £13,230, and six other Turners totalled £23,000.

In March and April several notable Turners were sold, the chief being "The Beach at Hastings," for £6,300. Constable ranks second, his "Salisbury Cathedral" making £8,190 at the Holland sale.

Few great works by the English portraitists of the eighteenth century—Romney, Gainsborough and Reynolds—appeared in the sale room. Gainsborough's portrait of his daughter, sold in May, realized £4,777; and in July two portraits by Raeburn, "Mrs. Hay" and "Mrs. Mackenzie," brought £3,360 and £4,725 respectively.

Many works by the masters of the modern French school were sold. High prices were obtained for examples of Corot, Daubigny, Mauve and others. Daubigny's "On the Oise" made £3,675.

Apart from the Louis XV. suite at the Lord Amherst of Hackney sale, which brought £7,000, the only furniture of importance was a Louis XVI. suite of seven pieces, which realized £1,995, a Chippendale suite, £1,785, and a Louis XVI. table, £2,205.

Several notable pieces of silver and bric-a-brac were sold. A thirteenth century ciborium, beautifully enamelled, made £6,000, a silver ewer and dish £4,200 and a silver mounted mazer bowl, little more than three inches high, £2,300.

English Advice on Farming.

HERE are some pointers to Canadian farmers from The Canadian Gazette, published in London:

On looking over the crop statistics of the world we cannot help being struck by the fact that England grows more wheat to the acre than any other country. This ought to be interesting information to those who decry the English agricultural immigrant and his ways in Canada. Canada, as a whole, has an average covering the last ten years of only 17 bushels per acre, whereas the English farmer, by careful cultivation on a comparatively poor soil, raises 32.15 bushels. The farmer of such skill is just the man that Canada wants. The Canadian Government no doubt realizes this, and is not spending money on publicity in the Mother Country without good reasons. What can be done in Canada if scientific methods are followed is shown in the records of the Canadian Pacific Railway irrigated farms, where remarkable crops of 63 bushels to the acre have been raised. It is also gratifying to see the enlightened efforts which the central and provincial authorities in the Dominion are making to help the farmer in every phase of his career.

The Nation's Airy Navies.

COUNCILLOR MARTIN, a well-known German writer on aeronautics, has taken occasion in a public speech to reassure Lord Roberts on the point of a German invasion of England. It is, he says, impossible that 200,000 men should land unobserved on the British coast, and it would certainly seem that an army of that size should be distinctly visible to the naked eye even of the self-complacent Briton and long before it was ready to descend "like a wolf on the fold." But Councillor Martin's benevolence is delusive. He does not mean to say that England will not be invaded, but only that it will not be invaded in the common and everyday way. Councillor Martin rather favors the aeroplane and he pins his faith to the Wright machine, which is a delicate tribute to American invention. He has it all figured out to a nicety, and it must be gratifying to John Bull to see such mathematical precision. An aeroplane costs $5,000, it carries two men, and it can easily cross the English Channel. Fifty thousand aeroplanes would cost $250,000,000 and would transport 100,000 men. The thing is simplicity itself, and no doubt Mr. Wright's representatives, with true commercial enterprise, are already trying to book that order. Of course, Councillor Martin does not want to see war between Germany and England. He uses all the cant phrases about insurance against war usually associated with naval secretaries who are asking for appropriations, but he feels that unless those 50,000 aeroplanes are ordered forthwith it will be impossible for Germany to maintain the respect essential to peace. And now it only remains for some fanatical aeronaut upon the other side of the channel to urge upon the English Government the importance of building just twice that number of aeroplanes. Then a fresh cycle of hysterical competition will be started, and the Wright brothers will feel that business is picking up after all and that financial depression has no terrors for them.—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

Sanguinary Servia.

THE dangerous jingo feeling in Servia was vividly illustrated the other day when at the National Theatre in Belgrade a patriotic play was performed in which the Bosnian hero Hadji Loja, was the central figure. According to chroniclers, he died fighting against the Hapsburg oppressors with the cry of "Out of the country with them!"

No Servian actors could be found willing to appear as Austrian warriors, so a number of gypsies were persuaded under promise of ample pay to don the uniforms of the enemy's soldiery. These poor fellows soon had reason to rue their bargain, for not only were all sorts of missiles and insults hurled at them by the excited audience, but their fellow actors, representing Bosnians and Servians, carried away by their patriotic feelings, belabored them with weapons, hurting two of them badly.

When two women, shocked by the sight of real blood, made ready to leave the house, they were greeted with jeers: "Fine Red Cross nurses you would make! Stay and get used to blood and fire!"

Amid a scene of tremendous enthusiasm the author came before the curtain and was presented with a new repeating rifle instead of the customary floral gift.

A curious circumstance, says the London correspondent of The New York Sun, was that during the performance the old Servian national anthem was rendered. In it occurs the name of Obrenovitch, the murdered King Alexander's family name, and for this reason since Peter I. ascended the throne it had fallen into disuse. But no new Servian national anthem has since been composed, and thus it happened that the public sang and cheered the old hymn lustily, even the Crown Prince joining in the applause.

The Republic of San Marino.

FOR the first time in its existence, which dates sixteen centuries back, the Government of the miniature Republic of San Marino in Italy has to face a deficit on its annual budget. Mr. Lloyd-George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is exercising all his ingenuity to make this year's budget balance, may well envy his colleague of the tiny republic, who, as it is, finds himself at a loss how to make up a shortage in the San Marino finances of $5,000 and has had to take recourse to an external loan to cover it.

The expenses of this lilliputian republic, which claims to be the oldest state in Europe, are commensurate with its size, which is 38 square miles. The two Secretaries of State, for home and foreign affairs, receive an annual salary of $400 each. The members of the two councils and the two regents draw no salary, but the latter have an allowance for expenses of $120 annually.

The most expensive department is that of public instruction, for which $8,400 is allocated. Of all officials, school teachers draw the highest pay, from $300 to $380 a year. Even San Marino, it seems, cannot exist without a secret service fund, but it is kept down to a modest $120 a year.

The following figures are taken from the annual report of the London County Council for 1907-08: The total expenditure of the Council during the year was £14,783,000. Its net debt on March 31, 1908, was £49,938,131. In the County Council and voluntary schools there are 731,600 children, of whom 566,000 attend the former. The Council tramway cars carried during the year 372,515,754 passengers and ran 35,561,189 car miles, the net profit being £45,406 out of a gross revenue of £1,660,000. The total length of tramways is 120 miles. In London there are 365 theatres, music halls and concert halls, with accommodation for 400,000 people. The total assessable value of the administrative county of London on April 6, 1908, was £44,332,025.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu's figures show that France now receives $360,000,000 as an annual income from foreign holdings, principally Government bonds, the amount having been almost doubled in the last fifteen years. He estimates the present wealth of the French people at $45,000,000,000, or more than $1,100 for every man, woman and child, and as the estimate is based upon declared succession taxes, it is admittedly much below the real figures.

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The directors of the Farmers Bank of Canada at their second annual meeting showed a net profit for the year of $21,024.27, and a dividend of two per cent. has been paid. The deposits bearing interest at the date of closing the accounts were $1,005,809.61, and other deposits $414,172, and with accrued interest totalled $1,420,663.97. As against this and the note issue of $308,745 the bank has available assets amounting to $1,336,301.45.

The third annual meeting of the United Empire Bank of Canada was held on Wednesday, and the report of the directors showed a net profit of $15,803.59 on the business of the past year. The deposits for the year bearing interest totalled $820,554.56, and those not bearing interest $392,208.94, in all $1,212,763.50, an increase of over fifty per cent., which was considered very gratifying progress.

Tourist—Why this extraordinary exodus of sportsmen to Africa? Captain—Oh, they're all in a blawsted 'urry. Want to get a shot at some big game before that blawsted fellah Roosevelt kills it all, y' know.—Puck.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, January 20.

THE Trinity Corporation, that most remarkable of church organizations on the continent save only our own Seminary of St. Sulpice, has for the first time in its long history, issued a "statement" of its affairs. Months ago in these columns was published something regarding the Trinity Corporation; how it was controlled absolutely by the rector of Trinity and a couple of trustees, and how even the members of the congregation were kept in the dark as to its assets, its yearly income and its expenditures. That Trinity Corporation is rich every man knew, but how rich no one outside of the few elect had even a glimmer of light. This condition of affairs had from time to time been so adversely commented upon that the trustees at last decided to break the silence of years, of centuries, one might almost say, for the history of the Trinity Corporation runs back to 1697; William III. was on the English throne, and not many years had elapsed since New York was in the hands of the Dutch. According to the statement the possessions of this famous church organization have been greatly exaggerated. The balance sheet shows Trinity's productive property, according to the tax valuation, to be worth $13,600,000, to which is to be added bonds, mortgages, etc., making a grand total of productive property of $14,079,000. These figures, of course, do not take into consideration churches, chapels, schools and burying-grounds, which are not productive of revenue and are not taxable. How many millions these are worth it is hard to say, and the trustees do not even make an estimate. The Trinity Church property alone, opposite Wall Street, on Broadway, would be worth in the open market to-day as much as all their taxable real estate put together. The Corporation's income, according to their statement, amounted last year to $780,000, of which sum $750,000 represents returns from real estate holdings, mainly tenement houses, and over which there has been so much public discussion for years past.

⁂

New York Gas

The Supreme Court decision relative to the Consolidated Gas Company, of New York, is interesting in all Canadian centres where citizens are now paying from $1.00 to $1.20 per 1,000 feet for illuminating gas. According to this Court's decision, after looking carefully into the Gas Company's finances, was that 80 cents per thousand is ample upon which to pay operating expenses and a dividend of 6 per cent. upon actual capital expended. The Supreme Court makes it clear that the people of New York are not called upon to pay dividends upon any watered stock which the corporation may have, the inference throughout the whole lengthy decision being that the public has the right to restrict the dividends of a public service corporation to a fair return upon capital actually invested. What would become of the $17,000,000 worth of water in the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company if the Canadian Supreme Court also rendered such a decision? At the present time the Power Company's stock is around $115 per share, higher than it has ever been in the history of the corporation, and there is talk of placing the stock on a seven per cent. basis, which they are now more than earning.

⁂

Magnates' Shacks.

It was recently noted in the press that Mr. Charles M. Hays had purchased a site and would erect a summer home at Cushing's Island, Maine. If the balance of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific magnates follow along in the footsteps of the Canadian Pacific officials, it is fair to presume that Cushing's Island will see a colony of railway men in the years to come. It is quite in the other direction, however, that the C. P. R. men congregate, at St. Andrew's, N.B.—St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea they now call it. Here Sir William Van Horne has long maintained a fine establishment, also a yacht of sufficient magnitude to require a sailing master. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has a home at St. Andrew's, as has also Mr. C. R. Hosmer and a lot of others directly connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Speaking of the Maine coast reminds one of how great a magnet it is to Canadians, for there are literally whole colonies of British subjects spread along that coast during the summer months; and it is safe to say that not one in a hundred of these "seasiders" have ever visited the Maritime province resorts, and not one in five hundred have ever set eyes on the Bras d'Or Lakes down in the old province of Nova Scotia, acknowledged by the thousands of New Englanders that visit them every year as being unequalled on the North American continent. From Boston is operated a fine line of steamships for the accommodation of these travellers. But from a Canadian port not a passenger vessel plies that is worthy of the name. The answer of the steamship men is that it doesn't pay. Canadians won't go to their own resorts. Isn't it time they did?

BAR OF GOLD AND BAR OF SILVER
As these are produced at the U. S. Assay Office, New York.

⁂

The Real Man.

There is something human about Clarence Mackay, head of the great Mackay Companies. To the University of Nevada, Mr. Mackay gave a statue of his father, John W. Mackay. Most men in the position of the present Mr. Mackay would have chosen to show the father habited in the black garb of the "gentleman," but this is not his way, for he chose to have the man portrayed in the garb of the miner, pick in hand, and wearing the familiar high boots of the miner. It was thus that John W. Mackay laid the foundations of the fortune which the son now enjoys, and it was to this life that he loved to hark back. To the everlasting credit of Clarence Mackay he is not trying to forget that his father went about in an old flannel shirt, wore jack boots and worked with his hands.

⁂

Col. Meighen.

A rich young Montrealer, who some day will rank among Canada's rich men, and of whom we hear little and see less, particularly among the doings of the "smart" set, is Lieut.-Col. Frank Meighen, only son of Mr. Robert Meighen, and favorite nephew of Lord Mount Stephen. Col. Meighen has two hobbies, one his horses, or more properly speaking, his polo ponies, of which he has a round dozen or more, and the other is his books. Incidentally, he has also given a good deal of his time to soldiering, always with the laudable and earnest desire to bring his command up to the highest state of proficiency. Col. Meighen has travelled much, always with his eyes open. He not only sees but understands. He might, if he chose, spend a moderate fortune yearly; he might expend every twelve months thousands on thousands upon dinners and balls and other things that make young men popular and talked about in certain quarters. But this is not Frank Meighen's way. He prefers his own library to club land, and the open field to the ballroom. In business, Mr. Meighen is treasurer of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, of which his father is the president and chief owner. Col. Meighen was also recently elected a director of the company, in the vacancy made by the death of Sir Robert Reid.

⁂

TORONTO, January 21.

OLD Country markets have shown improvement of late, but this was not the result so much of increased trade and commerce as of the extraordinary amount of securities being placed in London by foreigners. An estimate of $700,000,000 for States loans alone has already been made for this year. The big Russian loan, which offered this week, has met with considerable success, and the issue is selling at a premium of about one per cent. Its success is, of course, due to the large interest the loan bears, 4 1-2 per cent., and the comparatively small price at which it was issued, 88 3-4. This is equivalent to over 5 per cent. per annum to the investor in that security. In passing, we may say that the latest Dominion loan is selling at a price in London, which returns the investor only 3 1-2 per cent. This undoubtedly is a striking comparison in favor of Canada in the world's money market. With reference to the higher interest rates for money in London, the desire of the Bank of France to still accumulate gold for any market having a surplus of funds, has exercised a most powerful influence in keeping interest rates high. It is a little doubtful, however, if the higher rates can be maintained for any length of time in London. The advance in the Bank of England will likely attract all the gold it requires without even putting the rate above 3 per cent. The Bank of France rate is still 3 per cent., and the German Bank rate 4 per cent. The new capital issues in Great Britain last year aggregated $961,000,000 as against $618,180,000 in 1907, $600,866,000 in 1906, and $845,937,000 in 1905.

⁂

Speculation and Business.

The cheapness of money in Canada is making itself apparent in a wider speculation in securities. In a number of issues values are higher than for some years, while the Latin Americas, in which many domestic financiers are interested, are selling at the highest prices on record. Many of our gilt-edged properties continue in excellent demand, and have risen accordingly. Perhaps, and it is not altogether unlikely that the better prices of securities now ruling here may foreshadow better business conditions in the near future. Such a movement in the money market has often been followed by such results, and it is to be hoped the present movement will be no exception. While there may be recuperation in business, there are few indications of activity. However, conditions are more normal than in the recent past.

⁂

Bankers' Mistakes.

Canada is emerging from the banking stringency felt here in the latter part of 1907, and the first half of 1908. It is almost safe to say that no heavy losses have been sustained by our banks through loans placed in times of stringency. This statement does not only apply to Canadian banks, but it is so in the case of almost every banking institution. The worst debts are contracted in times when prosperity seems to be at its height. That is when speculation is rampant. Bankers, like the ordinary trader, are carried away with their apparent temporary successes, giving little thought to the breakers ahead, which, however, are not very distinguishable until the wave of adversity is near at hand. Then the brakes are put on, which make matters far worse for the industries of the country. The young banker almost invariably finds out his mistake when too late, and it is only a few of the large number who have the experience that manage to emerge in a tolerably safe condition. Over-trading has ever been a fault of Canadian bankers. They vie with one another in making profits, and in the employment of their full resources, thus reducing their reserves to a minimum. Then the other extreme is practiced in the non-granting of loans and the building up of cash reserves. It is in the latter condition that our banks now find themselves. Business loans in this country have been curtailed a great deal within the past twelve months, while the cash assets as well as all immediately available resources are the greatest in the history of these institutions. It behooves the business community to be patient under such circumstances. Even one year of good crops will not bring about prosperity. As Canada's latent resources are being developed, the time is approaching when even the mistakes of our bankers and for that matter of our system, will not impede the progress of the country.

The Wall Street Journal says: The Canadian Northwest is now drawing 100,000 of America's best farm population away to the virgin lands of the north. However unpleasant these facts may be to an American, it is folly to blind one's self to the fact that the Canadian Northwest is destined to supply beef and pork, and cheese and butter and bread to the world. It has the soil, the climate and the cheap transportation, and it will have the people.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 27th February, 1909 (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum), on the Capital Stock of the Bank has payable at the Bank and its branches on and after payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, 1st March, next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to the 27th February next, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

Hamilton, 18th January, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ISSUES
MONEY ORDERS
at low rates for any sum up to $50. Safe and convenient
OFFICES IN TORONTO
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NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this Bank will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on Wednesday the 10th day of February next at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the election of Directors and for other business.

By order of the Board,

R. CAMPBELL,
Acting General Manager.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2, 1909.

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An elder of the kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child:

"Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath-day?"

"Ay," said the boy; "they gang doun' to the field by the water below the brig."

"No," roared out the elder, "they go to hell, and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie, here's a man swearing awfully."

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 74

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Monday, the 1st day of February next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th January, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 22rd December, 1908.

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

A large assortment of Paper Articles for Table use---

At Michie's

Paper Mats for plates and dishes, some round, some oval, some have the edges embossed, others are open-work, having the effect of lace.

They are made in several sizes and prices, and it costs less to use them than to get the linen ones washed.

MICHIE & CO.
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find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
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TORONTO - - ONT.

Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six month's residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

How a Londoner Made Good in Canada.

From The Canadian Gazette, London.

SO much has been said lately about Englishmen in Canada, and their alleged incapacity for Canadian farm life, that it is pleasing to hear the story of one—and a "despised" Londoner at that—who has achieved success. Not only do the experiences related to The Canadian Gazette show that, given the right type, the Englishman is as valuable an asset to the Dominion as the Scotchman or Irishman, but it also proves that the opportunities in Canada, as placed before the British public by responsible authorities, are not exaggerated. The demand has been, and still is, for men who are prepared to work and settle on the land, and the prosperous future assured to those who can fulfil these conditions is amply evidenced by the success which has met Mr. A. D. Cooper, who now owns 480 acres of land in the vicinity of Lavenham, Manitoba, and who is now on a visit home. The experiences of Mr. Cooper are but typical of those of numerous English settlers, and as such are well worthy the attention of our readers.

"Talk about cold Canadian winters!" remarked Mr. Cooper. "They are preferable to the English, with their dull, damp, and depressing days!" And our representative, who has experienced both, agreed with him.

"An account of my experiences in Canada? Well, I shall be pleased to give them to you if they are of interest.

"I left London seven years ago, being then nineteen years of age, and made straight for Winnipeg. I was pretty green in those days, I tell you, and hardly knew one end of a plough from another; but I got a job with a farmer, an Englishman who had been nineteen years in the country, and pulled along all right. The farm was located in the Treherne district, about seventy-five miles west of Winnipeg. I soon got into the run of things, and after putting in a summer and a winter as a hired man I determined to own a bit of land myself as soon as I could get enough money together. I joined a gang of men who were hauling logs on the Assiniboine River, and shortly afterwards made my first payment on a purchase, at very easy terms, from the C.P.R., of 320 acres. This half section was then fifteen miles from a railway, but the new Canadian Northern reduced the distance to three. I built a little shack and 'batched' it. I don't mind telling you I felt the solitude a bit strange at first—most Londoners do, I guess—but I got busy, and did sixty acres of breaking. I had to get out and make more money, so rented the place to a man for three years, for which I got a share of the proceeds of the crop. The agreement terminates shortly, and when I return I will farm the land myself, In the meantime I had located a Government homestead; being the owner of land in the vicinity, I was exempted from the usual homestead regulations regarding residence. I got the patent of my homestead just previous to my departure for England, so you see when I return to Canada in March it will be to 480 acres of my own land. Had I stayed on in England I should probably have been working for a boss, with little prospect of altering my position. So Canada has been good to me! And it is to all who go about things in the right way.

"But I've had to work hard. In the bush, river-driving, railroading, bridge-building—any manual labor that would bring in the dollars and enable me to meet my obligations. I've turned to, and felt all the better for it. The trouble with so many Englishmen who go out to Canada is that they get into towns and stick there. Let them get out into the country. We hear talk of unemployment in Canada. I fancy this is generally the fault of the unemployed themselves. Last winter, when labor conditions were supposed to be so bad, I went into Winnipeg, and struck a job up-country the second day. It was advertised in an employment agent's window. I went in, paid my $1 fee, and got the job. And there are heaps of these chances, only so many of the immigrants refuse to take them because they want some particular kind of work, or because they won't go away from the towns. The work is not in the towns; it is in the country.

"You can judge a man must be prepared to work, and work hard, to make a success of things, but if he is the right kind of man he is bound to succeed. And I guess he will not want to return to England, with its cramped conditions for the poor man. I find that in every case which has come under my observation, where a man has returned to England dissatisfied with Canada, he has not been in the latter country more than twelve months or so. How could he have formed a right impression during that short time? Canada is a vast country, and it takes considerably more than a year to judge of its possibilities.

"A mistake often made by Englishmen in Canada is that of telling Canadians how 'we do things at home.' Never mind how things are done at home. Do them as they are done in Canada. Naturally Canadians get sore at Englishmen who try to teach them in their own country. I dare say if Canadians came over to England and kept harping on how things are done in their country, Englishmen would get their backs up. If the English settler is prepared to work, and to conform to the new conditions, he need have no fear as to the result. Canada offers freedom and opportunities to an extent which England cannot possibly do, and the man who wants to be his own boss, and to feel the satisfaction which comes from being the owner of a bit of land, should strike Westward as soon as he conveniently can."

An Editor who is Paid $70,000 a Year.

ARTHUR BRISBANE, whose salary as an editorial writer for the newspapers controlled by William Randolph Hearst, of New York, exceeds that of the President of the United States, is the most highly paid of working journalists. A writer in Harper's Weekly throws some interesting sidelights on Mr. Brisbane, his capacity as a worker, his habits, and his home life. The writer visited the Brisbane home, which is at Hempstead, some miles from New York city, where Brisbane has a large estate, and where, being a bachelor, he lives with a brother and sister. His host did not get home for dinner as expected, but arrived later in the evening, tired out. After dinner Brisbane chatted with his guest, then went to his room, where he read until four o'clock in the morning, then went to bed. He sleeps in an open cabin on the roof of his house. At noon next day he made his appearance, took a light breakfast, and then began work, dictating editorials to a phonograph. Mr. Brisbane is forty-four years old. To quote his interviewer:

At the first glance one is aware of the man's abounding vitality. He radiates energy. Although he is an athlete, it is from the bulging brow and keen, strong face that we receive the most vivid impression of strength. The top head is massive, of unusual prominence, and yet symmetrical and eloquent of force. The shrewd blue eyes are kindly in expression. They are the eyes of a benevolent fighting man. The nose is thin, aquiline, high at the bridge. The jaws are broad and thick, the chin deep and well thrust forward, the mouth rather small for so energetic a character.

There are so many Arthur Brisbanes that he is difficult to describe. Not one of them will stand still long enough to be weighed and measured. At one moment he is busy with the editorial thirteen-inch shells he hurls against the "predatory rich"; the next he is all wrapped up in the fate of a nest of helpless little blind mice who must die because their mother has been trapped, or gravely and reverently discussing the character of God, or urging men who criticise others to find out their own faults first, or speculating about the happy future when we shall easily work and play and live upon the floor of the ocean. His writings have the power of Niagara's torrent and the delicacy of the radiant bow that hovers over it. Beneath a surface of the utmost simplicity his prose is possessed of a subtlety and force that captivate every reader. In the Hearst newspapers he addresses daily in every part of the United States an audience of several millions of Americans: entertains them, charms, startles, persuades, fascinates them. He is always urging, exhorting, driving them to THINK for themselves—and making them think his way. The crowd believes in him implicitly. The rich and powerful classes whom he bitterly assails hate his doctrine and like the man. If anything written here shall disclose even a glimpse of the man Brisbane, the real individual back of all this prodigious activity, the reader may count himself lucky; for his is a personality that may be presented in a score of ways, all different yet all accurate.

"Enlightenment will put an end to war some day," Brisbane remarked. "We've developed a long way beyond the primitive days when men rushed out with clubs and stones to brain every stranger they saw. I suppose there will be a lot of fighting for a while. We can't disband the army and sell our fleets for junk just yet. But the time is coming when we shall. Implements of war will be as great a curiosity to future generations of really intelligent men as the rack and thumb-screws and the Iron Maiden are to us now."

"And you think," I asked, "that commercial warfare will come to an end, too?"

"It must," Brisbane answered. "You'll find men working as hard as ever, but working for the common good, the ablest men proud of their ability to help more than the others. That spirit is in us now. All it needs is development and encouragement. Look at the boys who play football for the colleges. Men in the prize-ring fight hard for fame and big purses. Football players are pounded twice as hard, train harder, work harder, risk their lives. Why? For the glory of their colleges—not for individual fame. You couldn't hire men to take all that punishment. Transplant that spirit into business life, and we'll find the big men working their hardest for that kind of glory. It's coming. It's bound to come. The right kind of education will do it. Make men think. Convince them. They'll do the rest."

This conviction, which is as much a part of Brisbane as his legs or his eyes, is the outcome both of heredity and environment. His father, Albert Brisbane, was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic admirers of Fourier half a century ago, invited Fourier to America and drew largely on his private fortune to help establish Brook Farm, one of the most interesting developments of the communal idea ever known in this country. Although a successful financier, Mr. Brisbane for years paid advertising rates for the use of a column on the first page of The New York Tribune every day, and in that column published editorials advocating these principles. Now his brilliant son is paid some two hundred dollars a day for writing the same doctrine as editorials for a chain of newspapers. All of which not only brings to mind the queer pranks old Time plays on mere man, but goes to show that the doctrine itself has to-day gained tenfold in circulation and in influence upon the daily lives of our citizens.

We have seen some "yaps" in the United States press as to the great things the United States fleet, which has been circling the globe, would do when it reached the stricken districts in Italy. It develops now that when the United States fleet passed Suez the other day it was itself in need of supplies and general toning up, and not in a position to help anybody. Had it been in good shape and been on the spot at the right time, it would undoubtedly have played a fine part in the work of relief. That it didn't happen to be either on the spot or fit was a bit of "ill-luck for the Americans." But if the incident serves to dissuade the ruling element among the "Americans" from their unpleasing habit of talking too much, it may have soon world value.—Ottawa Journal.

Frederick MacMonnies, who, since the death of Saint-Gaudens, will take rank as America's most famous sculptor, has determined to forsake Europe, convinced that the best place for an American artist to live is in America. And this after receiving honors from France rarely before bestowed upon an American artist; after having been decorated by the French Government and made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, after having passed twenty-five of his forty-five years in France, winning honors in competition with Europe's greatest artists.

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Edward—"Oh, different prices—twenty-five cents—some of them—others a dollar."

Father—"There ort to be some sort of a fixin' on 'em fer to register how much you use, then you could tell what to charge fer your picter."—Judge.

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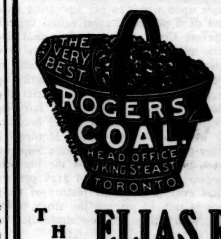

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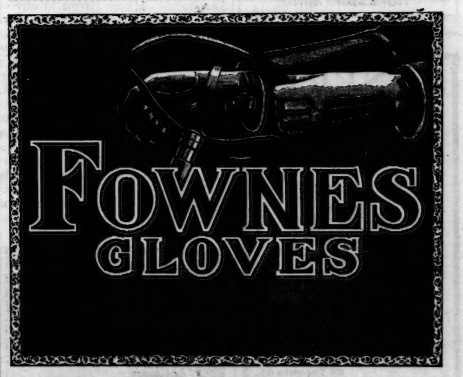

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THERE were some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Donahoe, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence.

"Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahoe had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"Your sign it yourself an' I'll make the marrk," said the old woman, quickly. "Since me eyes gave out, I'm not able to write a wurrd, young man."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space.

"Spell it whatever way you plaze," said Mrs. Donahoe, recklessly. "Since I lost me teeth, there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."

HERBERT GLADSTONE says that a fellow member of Parliament invented a plan whereby he kept his eight or nine year old son from repeating swear-words. Every time the little fellow did so the father gave him a penny on the promise not to use the word again. The M.P. had great faith in the power of this system until one day when he was chatting with half a dozen guests before dinner. His home adjoins a golf links, and little Gus, who had been out walking near them, burst into the drawing-room, his blue eyes dancing with enthusiasm.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried, "I've just heard a new one that's worth a shilling."

Kind Friend—Henpeck, let me introduce you to Professor Glass, the great hypnotist, who can put any one to sleep within two minutes after starting. Henpeck—Glad to meet you, professor. Come, let me introduce you to my wife.—The Bohemian.

Mrs. Murphy—Arrah! 'Tis Saterdah night an' th' facth'ry is closin' down, an' Timmy don't know whether he'll git his pay or not. Mrs. Flaherty—Here he comes home now. Mrs. Murphy—Wirra! Then he ain't been paid!—Cleveland Leader.

The Lady—Why do you men tramp abou' the country? The Hobo—Gee! A guy can't lay down an' sleep all de time, can he?—Cleveland Leader.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, January 19, 1909.

WE have become so Scotch in the Canadian Club of New York that we had a piper to pipe us in to our monthly dinner the other night; a Scotch-American, by name MacAndrew, to tell us of "Some Canadianisms that Ought to be Transplanted;" and a musical program of such classics of the heather as "She's Ma Daisy" and "That's the Reason Why I Wear the Kilties." As if this were not enough of the plaid for one occasion we had a Yorkshireman, a "meenister"—to talk to us on "Bonnie Scotland and the Canny Scot."

These Scottish predilections of ours have long been notorious. And sma' wonder with a "Neil Mac" for president, a "Fitz" and a "Mac" for vice-presidents, a "Mac" for treasurer, and an executive in which these national prefixes alternate with impartial regularity. We even drink Scotch—when we drink—preferring the distillations of Andrew Usher, Dewar and Buchanan to those of our national distillers, Seagram and Walker. This may seem unpatriotic at first sight, but it is really an extreme example of our divided, or perhaps one should say dual, allegiance. An extremer example still—at least one that pointed an extremity—was a proposal, now probably forgotten, to adopt the kilt for a club uniform. As the wardrobes of possibly nine-tenths of the members already contained this scanty apparel, the choice was a foregone conclusion. The modesty of the other tenth, however, could not be overcome and a compromise was effected whereby honorary membership is conferred on those attending the club dinner in kilts. Harry Lauder, for instance, qualified on these grounds early in the season, and the presence of a kilt or two has since become a regular feature of these monthly gatherings. These comments are not offered by way of reproach—far from it. They are merely introductory and possibly, explanatory. As long as we are provided with a monthly dinner, worth at least two dollars, on an annual membership fee of ten, we will follow the "predestined" way, even though that way be led by pipes and piper. Only a Scotch treasurer and a Scotch executive, I am persuaded, could make ten dollars go so far and show a balance in the treasury.

Still, viewing our performances, is it any wonder that one of the speakers the other night paid the club the facetious compliment of being unique? Being both Canadian and Scotch it is also but natural that we should lean heavily toward the Kirk. This possibly explains and justifies our strong "pull" with the clergy. Like the poor we have these with us always—from grace to benediction.

The Yorkshire "meenister" who spoke on "Bonnie Scotland and the Canny Scot," was introduced as a man who had oftener appeared before Congress on behalf of Sabbath observance and temperance legislation, than any other living man. Whether this was said by way of compliment or criticism, however, I do not know. His choice of subject, he confessed, was the result of a lifelong wish to visit Scotland, which dream was one day realized. As I left the distinguished traveller in Edinburgh, I can tell you little of his trip. As far as it went—or until I went—it was very like one of those which ministers were long ago wont to take, and of which they brought home edifying accounts for Young People's Societies. Another clergyman, who was down for an address on the "Military Academy at West Point," did not materialize. This brought us none too soon to Prof. Wm. McAndrew's talk on "Some Canadianisms that Ought to be Transplanted," and a brief flow of really conscious humor.

Professor McAndrew, who admits that he was born in Michigan, is a most entertaining speaker, with a more than ordinary fund of dry Scotch humor, which the transplanting process has apparently not impaired. He has grafted a little of the brutality of American humor, however, as for instance when he expresses wonder that we should leave a land whose praises were always on our tongue. Instead of profiting by the comparison drawn for his benefit; instead of trying to improve his manners, moral and general aesthetic appreciation, the average American will invariably ask in the end why you come to live in a country that compares so unfavorably with your own. Professor McAndrew had been hearing something about the verdant hills around Hamilton, the blue of the lakes, and the comforts of Canadian homes generally, and the only answer was a naive wonder that we had left all this for homes whose chief architectural feature was a means of escape from them. Some of the Canadianisms that ought to be transplanted, according to this observer, are a love of outdoor exercise, such as walking tours, canoeing, and golf. He would also transplant the Canadian attitude toward work, and their sane economic sense regarding the value and spending of money. Only a Scotchman, I am afraid, however, can go into the American melting pot and come out a Scotchman. Much of this is excellent advice, of course, and all of it was offered in such an agreeable way that one would gladly take it, if he could, which is saying much for advice.

* * *

THE Coroner's gruesome report for the year has just been published. Of the 5,443 deaths reported in Manhattan during the year, 2,362 were of a violent character, and only 3,081 due to natural causes. This is a startling proportion even for so congested a city as New York. The number of homicides, which is put down at 554, shows a decrease of 158 over 1907; while suicides, which claim practically the same number, show an increase of 76 over the previous year. Shooting seems the most popular method of self-destruction, 174 choosing this way; with gas asphyxiation, which claimed 160 victims, running a close second.

* * *

PASSING to some of the more agreeable items of the week, first in social importance, at least, is the brilliant international marriage already anticipated in these letters—between an Irish Earl, Bernard Arthur William Patrick Hastings Forbes, Earl of Granard, and Miss Beatrice Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, and one of the acknowledged beautiful of the impeccable Four Hundred.

Who were there and what they wore I have not space nor inclination to relate. For the benefit of the ladies, however, if there be any among my readers, I might overcome a natural abhorrence of bridal array, so far as to say that the bride's gown was of white satin, brocaded with velvet in a floral design. It had a long court train edged with orange blossoms. The skirt and bodice were embellished with old *point d'Alencon* lace, which we are told had been worn by the bride's mother. Possibly this public certification was made in view of the "old point" which a certain "countess" has been industriously circulating in high circles within the last week or two. There was one pious innovation, the bride carrying a prayer-book and a cluster of lilies of the valley instead of the conventional bouquet. The honeymoon contemplates a few days at a country house on the Hudson, Washington, New York, Paris, and then London.

* * *

THE latest public exponent of Suffragette ideals is Mrs. Clarence Mackay, whose social prominence would alone give her voice unusual authority in the present agitation. But Mrs. Mackay has qualified on quite other than social grounds for both the prominence and the authority that will attach to her frank avowal of the cause. For some years she was a member of the School Board of Rosslyn, L.I., where her country home is situated, and is not only a seasoned campaigner, but a practical and experienced reformer.

The occasion of Mrs. Mackay's appearance on the Suffrage platform was a luncheon of Suffragists at the Hotel Astor. After paying her respects to the government men have established, the fair speaker suggested some of the grounds on which her demands for Women's Suffrage are based.

"We women," she said, "demand that the real step be taken, that morality itself, the moral, the ethical half of the human race, be admitted to the government on equal terms. Let men, by their individual achievement, develop the commercial instinct and its utmost selfishness, let them make the United States the market of the world, for the mothers have entered into the struggle for intellectual growth, quietly, unobtrusively from their firesides. By bringing the mothers' vote into our political life we will enlist a progressive force, full of promise for the future of the State. The mother will consider far more even than the father what sort of a man shall be put in office to make and enforce the laws under which her sons and daughters shall live."

* * *

THIS Suffrage crusade, we are told, has moved on to Washington, and Congress may shortly become the scene of some of these peculiar tactics which so marred the dignity and destroyed the peace—to say nothing of the furniture and railings—of the English Parliament Building. A house has been leased at the capital, in which permanent legislative headquarters will be established. Simultaneously with this movement, State headquarters have been opened at Albany to further terrify Governor Hughes's already terrified legislators. Congress is said to view the situation with considerable alarm. Every year the ballot has been demanded of them, but every year the demand has been turned over to the gallant Senate Committee. Heretofore, these efforts have been merely a pleasant formality, the more chivalrous Senators, coquetting lightly with their mission, and sometimes, it is said, with the ladies themselves. But now it begins to look like business. As the President has already made known his views, the ladies will hardly expose themselves to another lecture on their "first duty." The President will, moreover, be fully occupied with some libel suits brought against The New York World and The Indianapolis News, based on certain statements published in these papers reflecting on the integrity of the Panama Canal purchasers.

* * *

THERE will be considerable activity in theatrical circles during the present week, a number of new plays coming in to take the place of completed runs. The most important of the outgoing attractions are Mr. George Arliss's performance of "The Devil"—which, by the way, you must not do the injustice of comparing for a moment with the one you have seen recently—and Mrs. Fiske in "Salvation Nell."

The new offerings are "The Vampire," described as a "psychologic" drama by Edgar Allen Woolf, of which the central figure is a literary genius who seeks inspiration and ideas from his brilliant associates; and Eugene Walter's new play, "The Easiest Way." His former play, "Paid in Full," although crude and tricky, held out a promise which the new play, it is hoped, may fulfil. Both plays are attracting considerable attention, partly, no doubt, because it is really a long time, as things go in New York since we have had a new piece. Mr. Wm. Faversham has also for the time withdrawn "The World and His Wife" for "The Barber of Orleans," by Edward Childs Carpenter.

In operatic circles interest centres on the forthcoming production of "Salome," in the French version, with Mary Garden in the alluring role of Herodias's daughter. One may now make this announcement without undue apprehension, for all the seats I understand were disposed of on the day the sale opened. Such is the lure of the Wilde-Strauss opera!! J. E. W.

British Aims for 1909.

FIFTY well-known public leaders have written answers to the question asked in the English paper, The Christian Commonwealth: What is the one thing above all others for which the British people should strive in 1909?

Bernard Shaw leads with a suggestion that the British nation should "feed its children as freely and as well as it feeds its sea gulls."

H. G. Wells considers the nation should strive for clear thinking.

Keir Hardie tersely replies, "Socialism."

Philip Snowden says: "The politician should strive to do something real for the unemployed, the preacher to stir the social conscience, and all should strive to do good to the extent of their powers and opportunities."

Will Crooks thinks the most needed reform is to stop the power of the House of Lords and obtain the land for the people.

A good many answered that above all the solution of the unemployment problem was the first great necessity for 1909.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace adds to that the suggestion that the suffering millions in rural communities may be organized and trained so that they produce the necessaries of life for their own consumption.

Two of the five winners of the Nobel prizes last year are Jews—Professor Gabriel Lippmann, of the Paris Academy of Sciences, distinguished as a physicist, and Dr. Paul Ehrlich, of Berlin, a biologist of international reputation. Dr. Ehrlich was from 1890 to 1899 an assistant professor at the University of Berlin and assistant to Dr. Koch. Finding that he never could obtain the full professorship to which his successful work entitled him unless he was willing to become an apostate and be baptized, he resigned his position. Professor Lippmann is known throughout the world for his remarkable investigations in color photography, to which he has devoted the last twenty years of his life.

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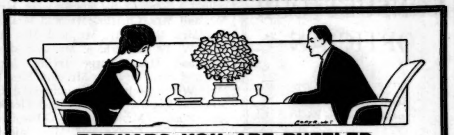

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. PALMER, Huntley Lodge, gave a beautiful dance on Tuesday night for some of the young married friends of her daughter, Mrs. Baird, who received with her. The hostesses in their rich and beautiful white gowns, received in the drawing-room, and the dance went on in the huge living-room to the west, which has seen so many happy gatherings from baby guests to great-grandmothers. The palm room opening off the living-room was cool and delightful between the dances, and supper was served at small tables which appeared from nowhere in the wonderful magic of the perfect service of to-day. Everything at the supper was made and prepared at home, and needless to say was most excellent. Some of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lees, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Turner, Mr. and Mrs. George Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Toller, Mr. and Mrs. Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. Bongard, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Hargraft, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Morrice, Mr. and Mrs. C. Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Miles, Mrs. Blight, Mr. H. Blight, Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop, Miss Mara, Miss Lees, Miss G. Cox, Miss Milne, Colonel Robertson, Major Michie, Mr. E. Armour, Dr. Wright, Messrs. H. and L. Harris, Mr. McMurray, Mr. Miles, Miss A. Milne, Mr. Holmstead, Mr. Cronyn. Some of the guests were late comers, having taken in the National Chorus concert first.

Mrs. Machell, whose invaluable interest and hard work makes many a good work "go," has now in hand the securing of twenty-five hundred dollars to build the Mission House in Follis avenue, where the old house has fallen into aged disrepair. Since December 1 Mrs. Machell has collected thirteen hundred dollars, and is arranging for a post-Lenten entertainment to make some or all of the rest of the amount required. Her list of helpers and patronesses include Lady Whitney, Lady Falconbridge, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Alexander, of Bon Accord; Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Wilmott Matthews, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. James, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft; Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Robertson, of Culloden, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. R. Gamble, Mrs. Schoenberger, Mrs. Plummer, of Sylvan Tower; Mrs. Palmer, of Huntley Lodge; Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank; Mrs. Fudger, Mrs. Alton Garratt, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mrs. J. B. O'Brien, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mrs. J. C. Eaton, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Fred Plumb. There is to be a meeting next Wednesday at Mrs. Machell's to decide on just what shall be the means of raising the money for the Mission House. With such workers it's as good as done.

One of the very pleasant teas of last week was that given by Mrs. Inglis at her home in St. George street, for her sister, Mrs. Milne, who is visiting her. Mrs. Inglis in a white gown and Mrs. Milne in pastel green, received in the drawing-room, where Richmond roses made it extra pretty. The guests passed through the library or by the hall to the dining-room, where a bright table was loaded with good things and decorated with large pink carnations. The tea and coffee were served by waitresses at a side table and Mrs. Crease, Mrs. Denison and the Misses Sankey waited on the guests. Friday was a busy day, and late arrivals from bridal receptions and several bridge parties kept coming in until after six o'clock.

Mrs. Waldie, nee Heron, was a distinguished looking and handsome bride who received on Thursday and Friday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Waldie are settled at 169 Lowther avenue, and swarms of smart people besieged that pretty residence to welcome the bride to the ranks of the young matrons, quite the most fascinating section of Toronto society at present.

News of the death of Mr. Angus Hooper in Montreal was received with genuine regret by his friends in Toronto. Mr. Hooper was the prince of good fellows and the kindest of hosts to visiting Torontonians in his home city. His country place, "Stagger Home," has been the scene of generous hospitalities, times without number, and the host was never happier than when the centre of a group of his well-pleased friends.

Monsieur Paul Balbaud's French lecture on some old customs of his native land, was attended by quite a number of lovers of the language, and took place in the Canadian Institute, 198 College street, on Friday afternoon. Monsieur Balbaud touched on the observance of local saints' days, each village celebrating a day for its patron saint, as Kermesse (pardon), or whatever the local name might be. He described the day's programme, and then gave a few moments to fads and fashions of olden times, the powder, patches, rouge and perfume fads of the time of the Louis. Duelling was also described, and the absurd excuses for mortal combat, the lengths to which it was carried, seconds engaging in the duel as well as principals, and an anecdote of an experience of the lecturer's father regarding a duel about nothing, in which an unoffending person was killed, finished the bright little conference. Monsieur Balbaud has a simple and interesting way of talking to his audience, who quite appreciated the perfection of his accent and the quaint fancies and amusing skits in which his lecture abounded.

Mrs. R. A. Smith had a pleasant luncheon at her club last Saturday in the private dining-room. Mrs. Calderwood had a cosy quartette luncheon for Mrs. Moore (*nee* Nesbitt), of Woodstock, who was visiting Mrs. Brydon last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Matthieson, of St. Mary's, have taken rooms at "Homewood," Mrs. McDowell's pension, corner Bloor street and Avenue road, for the winter. Mrs. Matthieson (*nee* Harrison) will find a number of her old college mates settled in Toronto.

Mrs. and the Misses Plummer have been receiving on Mondays for some weeks, and their friends are admiring the rejuvenated "Sylvan Tower" which they have made so handsome a home. The entrance has been changed to face west, and a splendid wide hall leads to the drawing-room, which runs the whole length of the east side of the mansion, with a noble bay window looking south. Mr. Plummer sufficiently appreciates the fact that the name given by Mr. Edgar Jarvis when he built this home is one of the very few still attached to their original homes, to decide to retain it, and all who know the old regime are very glad it remains. It is often wrongly called "Sylvan Towers," though only one tower was in the correct name and on the Jarvis home. That Mr. and Mrs. Plummer and their attractive young people may live long and happily in their new home is the earnest wish of their hosts of friends.

Hon. A. B. Aylesworth and Mrs. Aylesworth will be the guests of the British Ambassador, Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, during their stay in Washington.

Many Toronto friends and those who were greatly impressed by the lectures delivered in Toronto some years ago by Swami Abhedananda, will be interested in hearing of his success in forming a Vedanta Society in old London, where he has been invited to return and resume his lectures, and where he will go next month, sailing from New York in about five weeks.

Mrs. Matheson spent a couple of days this week with Mrs. Sinclair in Ancroft place, and left for Montreal on Thursday. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Sinclair had a few old friends of her guest for an informal tea, when a pleasant hour was spent in the beautiful home, and with so sweet a guest of honor and so charming a hostess and daughters. A few at the little tea were Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Harry Drayton, Mrs. D. D. Mann.

Indoor baseball is becoming quite in vogue this year, and the games played every Saturday night at the Armouries by the officers of the Garrison are attracting a larger number of interested spectators every week. Two matches are played each night, and during the interval between them light refreshments are daintily served in the large ante-room in the officers' quarters. Four lady patronesses take charge each evening and lend their kindly assistance to make these evenings most enjoyable. Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. W. C. Macdonald, Mrs. J. A. Murray and Mrs. G. M. Higinbotham will be patronesses this evening. The games to-night will be between the Queen's Own Rifles and the Ex-Officers, and the Grenadiers and Highlanders. At the close of the season Major Wm. Hendrie of the 48th has promised to present a cup to the winning team.

Mrs. T. H. Best and eldest son, Mr. Fred S. Best, have gone to Los Angeles, Cal., for the winter.

Many of us, who thought we knew something about photography because we own a little two and a half by three kodac, and had spent a few hours in a dark room trying to bring out beauties that were not there, after listening to the lecture by Mr. H. Snowden Ward, F.R.P.S., in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, decided our knowledge was of the "infinitely little" order. Mr. Ward spoke under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship Society on "The Marvels of Photography," and by illustrations thrown on the canvas demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that the camera has a field of usefulness which some of us at least had never considered. Mr. Ward is an English journalist with a pleasing manner and a ready diction. Seven years ago he spoke from the same stage to the Toronto Camera Club on "The Dickens Land," and, just to show the peculiar turn the tide takes, his second lecture was to the Dickens Society on the camera. "The infinitely great," as the speaker termed it, gave us a peep at some of the solar bodies—details of the sun and moon and the milky way, and when it was explained that these were photographs by light that had been travelling long before the time of Noah, we gasped. Then fancy that great canvas completely covered by a little portion of the stomach of a gnat—that was the "infinitely little." Beautiful flowers in all their natural colorings, insects, birds, moving pictures and how they are made, photography by the X-rays, how the camera prevaricates, and a host of other subjects interesting and instructive, were touched upon, making the evening one of the most enjoyable of the Lyceum Course of this enterprising society. Mr. Williamson introduced Mr. Ward in his usual happy way, adding to a few remarks regarding the fame of the speaker that he had learned that Mr. Ward was a great admirer of Canadian women, but that he had it on good authority that he preferred them with their hats off.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scarth Smellie announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Muriel Logie, to Arthur Redpath McMurrich, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich. The marriage will take place very quietly at the end of February.

The Heliconia, the new club for professional women, was founded and officered on Wednesday night at the Teapot Inn, Yonge street, after a pleasant dinner, which was on at half-past six, and at which about fifty were present. Small tables were set and decorated with carnations, and Miss Smart, the president of the club, presided. The first discussion concerned the name to be chosen, and the suggestion of Professor Goldwin Smith was adopted, Heliconia being the cognomen chosen. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Holmstead, Miss Hope Morgan, Mrs. Dyment, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Madam Farini, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Warnock, Miss Birchall, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Eleanor Macdonald, Mrs. Burritt, Miss Lake, Miss Spurr, Miss Ethel Sheppard, Mrs. Barton, Miss Samuels, Mrs. Glassco, Miss Helen Merrill, Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Dreschler Adamson. The aim of the club is to foster interest and friendly feeling among the different literary and artistic women of the city. The club is to meet for quarterly dinners, will entertain visiting artists, and otherwise make themselves agreeable.

Miss Muriel Jarvis is visiting friends in Ottawa since the conclusion of her stay in Galt.

Invitations are out for the annual dance of the High Park Golf and Country Club at the King Edward Hotel, Thursday, February 4, 1909. The stewards, Messrs. L. L. Anthes, D. H. Atkinson, R. A. Donald, Gordon Fleming, Dr. Fred R. Mallory, John Miln, W. P. McDougall, E. V. O'Sullivan, W. H. Plant, E. Scott, H. Van der Linde, F. P. Megan, W. Miller, N. G. McLeod, have arranged details similar to that which made the dance of last year so enjoyable. Invitations may be obtained from the stewards or the city office of the club, 16 King street west.

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A Great Furnishing Opportunity

During January every piece of furniture in stock is on sale at a price considerably below regular.

We make these reductions with the object of working our stocks down to the lowest point before the first of February, when we take stock.

We are especially anxious to clear out odd pieces, broken suites and articles that have tarried here too long. On these prices are cut in a most radical manner.

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$50, $75, $100

Funerals at these prices include every necessary requisite (and carriages) and will receive the same care and delicate consideration that is given to more expensive ones.

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Vanilla, Strawberry and Maple flavors. Rich creamy centres, covered with pure unsweetened chocolate. Prices, 30c and 63c per box. Made the day they are sold.

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GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION"

Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra. Conductor, Dr. F. H. Torrington.

Good Friday Night - Massey Hall

Subscribers may send names to the Conductor, 12 Pembroke street.

Now what do you think of this paragraph from "Tips and Tales," the theatrical bulletin issued by the press representative of Henry W. Savage, New York:

"Toronto laughed uproariously, but thought the authorized version of 'The Devil' was immoral, even with its fine literary handling by the skilled Herford, and when played as a comedy, the same as Molnar insists. Wait until they see the boyish translation presented by the pirates, lacking in cultured treatment, without epigrams, with the stage business garbled and with botchy scenery hastily thrown together after doing duty in other shows."

When it comes to discussing "The Devil" methinks Mr. Savage's press agent doth protest too much. The Fiske production, with Mr. Arliss in the title role, has been almost unanimously pronounced by the New York critics to be much more clever and subtle than "the authorized version." However, Toronto theatregoers will be able to form their own opinions regarding the rival productions next week.

Society at the Capital

THE past week has been a strenuous one in the matter of social engagements, particularly for the matrons of the Capital, as luncheons, dinners and bridge parties—with teas as usual in the majority—have followed one another in rapid succession, being almost more frequent than is usually the case during the session when Ottawa is supposed to be at the height of its gayety.

ON Monday the chief attraction of the day was a very bright tea at the Curling Club House given by the President of the Ladies' Curling Club. Mrs. H. B. McGiverin, who was a most attractive hostess in a tailored costume of hunters' green cloth with hat to match, and with Mr. McGiverin, M.P., who joined her later, gave everyone a most hearty welcome. All the enthusiastic curlers were present, as well as a great many who enjoyed watching an interesting match between the ladies and several members of the sterner sex who always manage to attend these pleasant gatherings. The tea-table was extremely pretty, done with feathery white 'mums and red-shaded candelabra, and provided most tempting refreshments.

ON Tuesday the younger people enjoyed the lion's share of the festivities of the day, which included a luncheon given by Mrs. Frank Oliver in honor of one of our newly-made brides, Mrs. Fred Hogg; a most enjoyable tea to which Mrs. and the Misses Wyld, of Cliff street, welcomed all the young folk of the fair sex, and a particularly attractive tea at Government House given by Her Excellency Lady Grey and Lady Evelyn Grey to introduce to all the prominent girls of the Capital their English guest Miss Lyttleton, who arrived in Canada early in the week. Her Excellency received the guests in the ball-room which had been charmingly arranged as a drawing-room with lots of handsome rugs, luxurious armchairs and artistic little tables, with ferns, palms and potted plants of all kinds as well as a generous quantity of fragrant cut flowers judiciously placed about the large room. Tea was partaken of at three or four tables. Some of those present were Miss Hanbury Williams, Miss Louie Gemmill and her guest, Miss Bryce of Scotland, the Misses McLeod Clarke, the Misses Ritchie, the Misses Chadwick, the Misses Haycock, Miss Tudor Montizambert, the Misses Fielding, the Misses Kingsford, Mrs. David Gilmour, Miss Marjorie Maclennan of Sydney, C.B., Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Elsie Cotton and many others.

ON Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour entertained at a delightfully arranged dinner given as a temporary farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Beckett, who sailed for England on Saturday, to be gone for several months. Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Smellie and Mr. Leveson Gower were among the guests. The table was gorgeous with the most lovely Killarney roses and softly shaded silver candelabra.

AMONG the many luncheons of the week one of the most enjoyable was Lady Davies' on Wednesday, the guest of honor being the daughter of the hostess, Mrs. Hyndman, of Winnipeg, who arrived in town recently to remain for several weeks. Lady Davies's guests numbered sixteen, including Lady Hanbury Williams, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Langford Brooke, Mrs. Alan Aylesworth, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. Lenox Smith, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Madame Girouard, Mrs. L. K. Jones and Miss Laura Smith. The table was centred with a shower of fragrant white and red carnations.

MRS. GEORGE H. PERLEY'S dance at the Golf Club on Tuesday night was the one and only dance of the week, and brought joy to the hearts of all the young people, who, beyond the holiday dances, consider that there has been a dearth this season of this gayer form of amusement. Miss Flora Macdonald, of Toronto, Miss Ethel Perley's visitor, was the *raison d'etre* of this much enjoyed event to which about one hundred and fifty young folk came and went by special tram.

The usual cheery aspect of the Club House with its glowing log fires in the large open hearths and the beautiful arrangement of quantities of cut flowers in combination with banks of ferns and palms, made a most delightful impression on entering from the cold outside. All the lower floor, including halls, dining and ball rooms, was thrown open for the dances and the small alcove between the dining and ball rooms provided an excellent station for the orchestra.

Mrs. Perley's gown was an extremely pretty one of Dresden silk. Miss Perley wore a pale blue satin Empire gown and Miss Macdonald was most attractive in white satin made in Directoire effect.

Besides all the gay young people of the Capital, there were, among the dancers, several visitors from other points, some of whom were: Miss Edith Cochrane, Miss Norah Gwynne, Miss Kathleen Gooderham, of Toronto, Miss Ives and Miss Helen Van Dusen, of New York, who are staying with Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick; Miss Boutell, of Washington, and Miss Nunchy, of South Orange, the two latter of whom are guests of Mrs. W. J. Anderson. Miss Norah Gwynne is staying with Miss Gladys Carling, Miss Gooderham is with Miss Pansy Mills and Miss Edith Cochrane has come to stay with Miss Marjorie Monk for the Opening week and will be presented at His Excellency's Drawing-room.

THEIR Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey entertained at two large dinners, the first of the season given at Government House, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. On the former occasion those who had the honor of being invited were: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Otter, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels, Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, the American Consul-General and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Boville, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ahearn, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, Miss Mary Scott and Mr. C. J. Jones. On the following evening Their Excellencies' guests were Sir Richard Lady and Miss Cartwright, Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick, Sir James and Lady Grant, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. H. B. McGiverin, M.P., and Mrs. McGiverin, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Courtney, Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer, Hon. Francis and Mrs. McNachten, Hon. W. C. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer and Mr. W. A. Allan.

SIR John and Lady Hanbury Williams also entertained on Thursday evening at a delightful dinner at Rideau Cottage, their guests including Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Hon. Rodolphe and Madame Lemieux, Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. James Mills, Col. and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Major and Mrs. Stopford Maunsell, Col. and Miss Eva Lessard, Dr. Doughty and the Consul for Belgium, Mons. Ketels.

ANOTHER equally charming luncheon came off on the following day, when Lady Taschereau was the hostess and covers were laid for eighteen. Pale pink carnations were the dainty decoration chosen, and their graceful arrangement made the table more than ordinarily attractive. Mrs. Alexander Taschereau, of Quebec, and Miss Alice Tache, of Montreal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Tache, will arrive this week to stay with Lady Taschereau to take part in the opening ceremonies and its attendant functions.

BRIDGE parties are again taking a prominent part in the social programme, and of the many who entertained in this attractive manner last week were Mrs. Barrett Dewar on Thursday, when her guests of honor were her sister, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, of Montreal, and Mrs. H. B. McGiverin's visitor, Mrs. Gillies, of Hamilton; Mrs. Fred Booth, whose afternoon gathering followed a luncheon given especially for Mrs. J. J. Anderson, of Edmonton, and included both matrons and maidens; Miss Flossie Fielding, whose party on Wednesday evening was given as an *au revoir* to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Beckett, and included eight tables of players; Mrs. Henry Farrer, who gave a bridge of seven tables as a house-warming in her very artistic new home in Wilbrod street; and Mrs. H. B. McGiverin, who on Friday invited about fifty of the most adept players to combine the pleasure of the game with that of meeting her guest, Mrs. Gillies. In each case the gatherings were reinforced later in the afternoon by the arrival of additional guests to join in a chat over the "cup that cheers."

TYRONE POWER

In the role of the drain man in "The Servant in the House," with the Henry Miller Associate Players, appearing at the Princess Theatre week after next.

HON. A. B. AYLESWORTH, Minister of Justice, accompanied by Mrs. Aylesworth left to-day for Washington, where they will remain for about a week or ten days. Mrs. Aylesworth will be very much missed at the State functions this week and a great many of her friends who will arrive for the Opening and Drawing-room from Toronto and other points look forward to seeing her during their visit to the Capital this week, and many friends are regretting that Mr. Aylesworth's mission should necessitate their being away during this eventful week of the session.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Jan. 18, 1909.

A Five o'Clock Meeting of the Housefurnishing Club

"I'LL tell you a secret," said the lady who took two lumps but no cream, "if you'll all promise not to tell."

"Tell! I'd never breathe a word to a soul," said the lady who took "the fixings and an extra lump to nibble."

"Well, if you'll all promise," said the first speaker.

"We do," cried a full chorus of eager voices.

"I've joined another club," came the announcement.

"Another! Poor Jack."

"Another club;" repeated Mrs. Jack. "I don't see that 'poor' Jack need be pitied either."

"You belonged to four clubs before, to my knowledge," said her vis-a-vis.

"What Club is it now, Jess?" asked her hostess.

"Simpson's Housefurnishing Club," replied Mrs. Jack.

"Simpson's Housefurnishing Club! What's that?"

"It's a plan by which nice people like we are can have anything in the way of carpets, curtains and furniture delivered now at cash prices and pay for them at convenience during the next six months."

"How lovely," said the lady who took her tea absolutely clear. "I've heard of something like that in the big stores across the line."

"I never heard of it before," announced the lady who took two lumps and was now daintily nibbling her third.

The hostess smiled.

"I've belonged to every Housefurnishing Club the Robert Simpson Company have organized in the last three years," said she calmly. "One has everything to gain and absolutely nothing to lose."

And she spoke exactly true.

* * * * *

This Housefurnishing Club plan takes in everything sold in the Furniture and the Carpet and Curtain Department. It simply means the privilege of a charge account during January, with six months over which to spread the cost of the goods. No extra charge first or last over and above what a straight cash customer would pay for the same goods. Our offer to do any work *free* during January applies to club members as well as cash customers.

Club Office, 1st floor, James street. Talk it over personally with the Club Secretary, the very first time you are in the store. If you live out of town join by mail. Write to-day. January is passing.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

A Fine Recital.

MISS Lina Drechsler-Adamson's recital in Conservatory Music Hall a week ago last night was both delightful and successful. For a while Miss Adamson did not play in her best form, but on the night of the recital she played better than I have ever heard her. In the first place her programme was admirably chosen and arranged. Everything suited her, and pleasingly complemented the other numbers. It is difficult to say which was the most interesting number she played. I wanted to hear all of the "Bruch Concerto," but of course it is too long to play at a recital where variety of schools is necessary, but what she did give us, the slow movement, was thoroughly enjoyable.

She is so sincere and direct, so absolutely free from mannerisms that there is a seeming lack of individuality in her interpretation, but to me that is an added charm. I like the "Locatelli Sonata" very much. It is graceful and well written, and unaffected. So many Schubert songs lend themselves so readily to transcription that, when as well rendered as the Wilhelmj arrangement of the "Ave Maria," one almost prefers the transcription. Miss Adamson was compelled to bow several times after it and finally respond to an encore.

The "Spohr Concerto" for two violins was another interesting number, in which Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson played with her daughter. It was like the almost forgotten odor of lavender in its quaint old-fashioned style. Its purity of form was as refreshing as a cool nook on a hot day. Of course the two players were perfectly *en rapport*. The Godard "En Regardant le Ciel" and Sitt's Scherzo-Tarantelle" are taking programme pieces and closed a delightful evening.

Miss Eugenie Quehen is one of the daintiest of players and produces a delicious tone. The quaint "Scarlatti Sonata," the one in D major, and the Tausig arrangement of the "Pastorale and Capriccio" fairly rippled under her fingers. Her scale passages are as luminous as pearls, and all she does is held in perfect coherence by her keen sense of rhythm. This, the gift so often denied good pianists,—I mean rhythm that is broader and more human than the metronome—was in especial evidence in Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnole." The varying moods billowed like sunlit wheat swayed by the capricious caresses of the summer wind. And here one may pause to say that it was pleasing to see a Canadian piano on the platform, and still more pleasing to note that it responded to every demand made upon it, and was much more satisfactory than the imported pianos heard at some of the recent recitals. Mrs. Barton was as always an inspiring accompaniste. MELOS.

A book that is absolutely indispensable—at least to those who have once learned to rely on it for information about men who come to the front in Great Britain and Ireland—is "Who's Who." The new edition is just out and is being handled in this country by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. It is more complete than any preceding volume, running to over 2,000 pages of closely printed biography in brief form, giving dates and all sorts of information that editors, authors, professional men and others may require. "Who's Who" is gaining quite a hold in Canada as a necessary book of reference, and once used, one can never again get along without a copy of it on one's shelves.

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OF ALL GROCERS

LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES

THE annual meeting of the Ontario Motor League was held a few days ago in Toronto, with Mr. T. A. Russell presiding. It was shown that the membership of the League is now pretty well spread over the province and includes 541 members, resident in Hamilton, Ottawa, Kingston, and many other places. The report of the directors read by Mr. Russell showed that the dangers of the automobile were greatly exaggerated in the public mind, as out of a total of 857 accidental deaths that have taken place in Toronto in the past ten years, 111 have met their deaths through street cars, 76 by steam railways, 19 by wagons. 13 by bicycles, and only 3 by automobiles. I see by a table published in the Telegram only one death due to automobiles is credited in ten years. The explanation of it is, that while an auto goes fast and looks formidable, it is in actual fact under more absolute and instant control than anything on wheels that men ever travelled in. The directors also congratulated the members that the farmers of Ontario are beginning to see that the automobile is destined to develop into a means of transportation for farm produce, and are making enquiries along that line. It will come of course, and the present users of autos are helping in experiment and invention until in price and service the horseless carriage will be everywhere in use. The League is also bound to prove a powerful body in organizing public opinion in favor of good roads—giving influential people in all our towns and cities a personal interest, which they have never had before, in good roads throughout the country.

The officers elected are:—President, Mr. William Dobie; First Vice-President, Mr. Wm. Stone; Second Vice-President, Mr. Paul J. Myler, Hamilton; Directors, Messrs. T. A. Russell, Geo. H. Gooderham, M.P.P., Noel Marshall, A. E. Chatterson, I. C. Faton. O. Hazzlewood, F. E. Mutton, G. A. Graham, A. D. MacArthur, Alex. Patterson, jun., Harton Walker, H. B. Wills, W. G. Trethewey, T. B. Holland, M. J. Overall (Hamilton), W. W. Doran (Niagara Falls), J. de St. Dennis Lemoine (Ottawa), F. F. Miller (Napanee), G. S. Matthews (Brantford), G. N. McGregor. W. J. Fair (Kingston), F. W. Cowan (Oshawa), and W. T. Marlatt (Oakville).

* * *

JEFFRIES is edging back towards the prize-ring to the sound of great applause from those who want to see him wallop the negro Johnston, who now holds the heavyweight championship. But four years of ease and retirement may very well have left him a very different Jeffries from what he used to be. Not only so, but in Johnston he will meet a man proud as Lucifer of being champion and with a demoniacal determination to hold the title.

* * *

SAYS the London Sporting Life: The writer has no objection to any athlete making use of his athletic ability for pecuniary gain provided only that he openly declares himself a professional. But there is an absolute necessity for some steps to be taken which will deter the man who is a professional at heart from using amateurism as a means of making his reputation. The existence of so many sham amateurs among Olympic athletes is an unhealthy sign. Would it not be better to adopt a clause which the Fencing Association included in their regulations for the games, and lay it down that anyone who contravened the amateur definition within twelve months after the games would be disqualified and required to return any prize won by him?

* * *

TOM FLANAGAN has received a pleasing letter from the Six Nation Indians at Brantford, thanking him for the successful way in which he managed the fleet young warrior, Tom Longboat. Regret is expressed that Longboat has seen fit to pass under other management. They also mention the fact that they have a young runner on the reservation who gives every promise of duplicating Longboat's successes, and ask Tom Flanagan to take hold of him. The genial Thomas feels elated over this expression of confidence in him by the people of the Six Nations.

* * *

R. E. WALKER, the South African sprinter, whose portrait was published on this page last week, and who will tour this continent during the coming season, is a very fast man. Last month he set a new world's record for the hundred yards by going the distance at Johannesburg in 10 2-5 seconds. He also set a new record for 120 yards by doing it in 11 and 2-5 seconds. The hundred yard record had previously been 9 and 3-5 seconds, made by A. F. Duffey, at Birkeley Oval, New York, May 31, 1902, and equalled by Dan Kelly in 1906. The previous record for 120 yards was 11 and 4-5 seconds, established as long ago as 1882 by W. P. Phillips, an Englishman, and equalled but not bettered by five other great runners since. This man Walker, therefore, by lowering two such records seems to prove himself the swiftest yet.

President-Elect W. H. Taft and family in his New White Steamer.

* * *

NINE rinks of lady curlers are taking part in the great bonspiel at Kingston this week. The game is one in which ladies are beginning to show great enthusiasm.

* * *

DISCUSSING the wasteful slaughter of deer, Rev. E. M. Rowland, in an article in Rod and Gun for February, says that in the back country, he knows one or two men who make a sort of business of killing deer wholesale in November and December, "selling the red deer only, but these *by the ton*." He says that those who regard this as impossible do not know the back country.

"When people in Toronto and other towns," he says, "see the large quantity of deer brought down by the sportsmen from the far north, they gather the impression that it is the same sportsmen who are accountable for our vanishing deer. They accordingly come forward with all sorts of suggestions. 'Cut down the legal number to one deer per man,' say some; 'make the season a week only,' say others, or 'raise the license to $10 or $15,' etc. But these sportsmen would never exterminate the deer. In spite of their seemingly large bag, they do not kill one-tenth of the deer that are annually slaughtered in this province. Dogs harry some, wolves account for many, but the two-legged wolves are the worst: those who live in lumber camps and in the settlements. If the lumber camps are not watched they will live on venison, while on Sundays every man and boy in camp who possesses a gun or rifle, and there are few who don't, spends most of the day slaughtering deer or partridge. This is going on now in new camps that have lately been installed in this district, and will continue all through the winter unless something is done to stop it.

"This is the time of the year when the pot hunters kill most grouse—when they are budding—and with the advent of the first deep snow, the real slaughter of the deer begins.

"It tends to immorality, to enact a law which is not enforced. Far better have no game laws at all than to have our boys growing up to believe, as they do at present, that there is no harm to break the game laws, unless they are caught. This is certainly the attitude adopted by most of those who live in this country. If an otter or small colony of beaver are reported to exist anywhere, the whole countryside gets after them. Their skins are constantly being handled by storekeepers and peddlers. What chance have our fauna while such a state of affairs is allowed to remain unchecked?"

* * *

AN Irish lady who has adopted the name "Miss Sheila O'Neill" and become the pioneer in London of a new occupation for women appeared in the streets one day last week for the first time as a professional chauffeur, driving a green 12 h.p. open car with a Cape hood, which bore on the bonnet a doll policeman as mascot.

"Miss Sheila O'Neill," who has been trained and brought out by Mr. A. R. Mills, proprietor of a motor garage in Little James street, W.C., is the daughter of a military officer. Before she took up motor-driving she was a nurse on the staff of a London hospital. She also served for two years as a nurse in the South African war and went through the siege of Ladysmith. She obtained both the Queen's and King's medals, and intends to wear them on her motoring coat. Her travels also include extensive excursions through India.

She is one of the best woman rifle-shots in the country, and has won many prizes in open competitions.

Interviewed at the conclusion of her first day as a chauffeur, "Miss O'Neill," who is a tall and handsome girl of about twenty-five, with light brown hair, said: "I began at ten this morning and have had a busy day. The roads were very greasy, but I had no 'skids.' I am already engaged for several short daily 'fares' to take out ladies on their shopping excursions, and I have agreed to drive a doctor on his rounds for two hours every morning. I am not at all afraid of the weather. I think the profession of motor-driving is a most suitable one in every way for women."

* * *

THE latest boon to London golfer (says The N.Y. Sun's London correspondent) is practice and tuition on the Thames Embankment. The number of golf players in London increases daily and new links are constantly being opened as near to the city as suitable ground can be found. But to get a regular game even the most favored players must give up half a day at least to it, so that many expert players have not time to practise as much as they like.

As for beginners, all courses are so crowded nowadays that it is very difficult for a new hand who can only play on Saturdays and Sundays to get any practice at all. Only the beginner who is gifted with plenty of nerve can block a crowded course and keep the growling crowd waiting behind him till he has got out of his troubles.

The new plan aims at accommodating both the novice and the practised player. On the Embankment between Oakley street and Cheyne row a large building plot has been taken. The ground has been levelled with ash and sand, and various nets for tuition and practice have been erected.

For those who can drive a large net has been placed against a high wall, in front of which is a teeing ground with plenty of room for three players to tee off at the same time. Other arrangements have been made for practising approach shots and putting and the use of every kind of club. Two professionals have been engaged and it is expected that in addition to those who want to learn many players will go constantly for half an hour's practice to keep their swing supple and their eye in.

England's Interest in Prize-Fighting is Gone.

FROM the standpoint of SATURDAY NIGHT readers who are interested in the various branches of sport, their traditions and progress, the following comment by the London correspondent of The New York Sun on the present English view of ring fighting is very entertaining and enlightening:

In England alone, apparently, of the three countries chiefly interested in the Burns-Johnson fight was the negro the favorite in both senses of the word. People here both hoped and thought Johnson would win.

When he came over first Burns was for a while a popular hero, but he soon became unpopular. He talked too much and made too much fuss about money to begin with, and then his refusal to meet Johnson except on terms that would never be accepted here, made people think he was afraid of the colored man. His gameness in standing so much punishment when the fight did come off has been praised all around.

The sympathy with Johnson was general. There is practically no color feeling here. If there were no other reason for their sympathy to be enlisted on behalf of one man or another the public at large would probably prefer a white man to win, but his color in no way prejudices a man's chances of becoming a popular favorite.

It cannot be said that the interest in the fight was very keen here and there was practically no betting on it. The morning papers came out with the bare result and none of them published an extra with the full story. As it was Boxing Day, the evening papers did not come out at all, and not one of them thought it worth while to publish a special. One of the Sunday papers alone came out with a full account, which sold readily in the streets.

The fact is that interest in prize fighting is very slight here. Great Britain has not had a first-class heavyweight for a long time. The best man that could be put up against Burns could hardly be called second class.

In the clubs the interest in boxing for money seems almost dead. The army boxing contests are keenly followed, so are those of the universities and public schools, but the old Corinthian spirit has dropped many degrees in the social scale. No Mr. Toots nowadays would dream of keeping a game chicken.

Things, of course, were very different when the Duke of Wellington was a firm supporter of the ring Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel also supported it, and Lord Byron was an assiduous cultivator of the noble art. In one of the notes to "Don Juan" the poet refers in really respectful style to his teacher, well known as "Gentleman" Jackson.

Thackeray, whose nose was broken in a school fight with a future dignitary of the church, devoted one of his "Roundabout Papers" to a rather prosy essay on the fight between Sayers and Heenan. Earlier still, when the allied sovereigns and their generals came over to London, after the peace of 1814, Lord Lowther treated them to a series of boxing matches in his drawing room. "Gentleman" Jackson was one of the pugilists and became a great hero.

The last time a monarch was present officially in England at a prize fight was in 1817, when the Czar of Russia saw one at Coombe Warren and shook hands with the winner. George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a great patron of the ring, and was present at a fight in Brighton in which one of the principals was killed.

Of all British pugilists the name of Tom Sayers, perhaps, stands highest. His funeral was almost in the nature of a national demonstration. "The heterogeneous procession which followed," says one writer, "was one of the longest, if not actually the longest ever seen in London." One of Sayers' trainers is still living in London, a pensioner of the Scottish corporation.

He—"Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?" She (swallowing another pint of dust)—"Yes, dear. I'm full of grit."—Chicago News.

"Murad Turkish Cigarettes" are made from the very choicest selected Turkish tobaccos.

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LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

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Greatly Improve One's Appearance

¶ Let us show you some of our new-style "Mounts."
¶ You'll find we can fit you so that your glasses will really be comfortable as well as neat in appearance.
¶ Great improvements have been introduced in this line of late—and we are ready to show you all of them.
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Lace Curtains, Chair and Sofa Covers, and Household Draperies
Done up like new by
The Yorkville Laundry
47 Elm Street.

LOST IN ROSEDALE

Vain and Desperate Wanderings in an Effort to Keep a Dinner Engagement.

By W. P. ROBINSON

EVERYBODY will remember the weather of Sunday, Jan. 10, but Davidson has cause to remember it particularly well. Davidson was invited to dine on Sunday evening at the head of Broadview avenue, but before that he managed to lunch, also by invitation, at the head of Bathurst street. About four-thirty he thought it about time to think about fulfilling his dinner engagement. Now any normal person, wishing to get from the head of Bathurst street to the head of Broadview avenue would take a Dupont car to Queen and Yonge, and transfer to a Broadview car. Cost three and four-sevenths cents, with the certainty of arriving on time and avoiding any complications.

Davidson is normal in many ways, but he has some peculiar ideas. He detests paying car fares, though to do him justice he never, or very seldom, rides without paying. Then he believes that a man should walk about five miles every day, and about twice as far on Sunday, and at half-past four on Sunday the 10th he had a big mileage to make up.

"I'll cut across country," he soliloquised. "Hang the cars! I'll enjoy the walk and save a ticket. I need it —the walk I mean. It's only a little over two and a half miles, and there's just enough daylight left. Due east from here to the Danforth road, or may be east, southeast. I'll take the ravine for it; it's a good road and a straight one."

Along Dupont street to Avenue road, up to MacPherson and thence to Yonge—and there Davidson halted to consider. At that latitude a place called Rosedale intervenes, and Rosedale lay between Davidson and the point in Riverdale he wished to reach. This beautiful and aristocratic section is not absolutely familiar tramping ground to our pedestrian, nor is it the easiest possible place to navigate even for residents—that is under certain conditions.

Cars were passing south every few minutes, and appealed strongly to Davidson in favor of the driest and surest and probably the quickest route to Riverdale.. But by this time he had used up a third of his time, and to continue straight ahead, he thought, was to be preferred to the risk of missing transfers, to say nothing of the roundabout route the street railway takes. Davidson has always entered Rosedale from the front, over one of the bridges, or, at such times as he has reconnoitered it from the rear or either of the flanks, he has been in company with an experienced guide.

"I'll get into the ravine down here a bit, there's a wee park hereabouts that must be the west end of the ravine, and when I'm once in it I'll stay in it till I come out by the cemetery," he assured himself.

So he got into the ravine, or thought he did, and cut out a smart pace in an easterly direction. It was growing very dusky and the mist was thick, and wet as rain, but he could read the sign boards and thought he knew which to follow and which to be warned by.

In a little while he came to a point where three roads forked. Two had names, but the third had none, so he chose the nameless road. Presently he was aware that he was going west instead of east, and retraced his steps, this time to take the road which seemed to run a little south of east. But the direction of that road changed, and again he came back and took the third road. On his third essay his direction proved straighter. He wasn't on a crescent or a circle this time. He judged his course was about northeast. Never mind, so long as he was going east, always east. He came to a clearing and was sure he had got the continuation of the ravine, or perhaps he was in the other ravine.

"Never mind," he thought again, "the other end of them is at the Don, and I am going east."

Some distance ahead there was a bridge or viaduct. He couldn't understand why he hadn't passed under the Huntley street bridge, or why he didn't hear the rumble of the Church street cars over the Sherbourne street bridge. Then he was sure he must be in the more northerly ravine and that the bridge ahead of him led to the Rosedale Golf Grounds.

"Under this bridge runs a road, and the eastern end of that road is where I want to get, and I am still going east," he persuaded himself.

But as he came nearer the bridge the opening was visible, and presently which up on its surface came a street car and then another. Davidson's progress forward was blocked; retreat involved uncertainty. He stood wondering but presently spied a path up the grassy side of the ravine, climbed it and stood on the roadway of the bridge. North, as he thought, was a familiar spire, south was no town at all, only some houses. Then came a car showing one purple light, and Davidson knew he was on Yonge street again.

"By the same door wherein I went," he muttered, and struck east again by the first street north.

It was wetter, and darker, and what mattered more, much later now, but Davidson was on the street, tramping on a good sidewalk and under gas lamps.

"I'll keep going east this time," he said to himself. "I couldn't stay in that ravine, but there's no trouble following a street."

By the character of the houses as he proceeded he knew he was still in Rosedale, and at last he came to the car tracks. Then on his left was the bridge which he thought he had reached half an hour before. A motor car passed him and went in a gate and up a long driveway. Castle Frank, this must be. Now he was all right. Here was a sure landmark.

"I'll follow this road to the south, then it curves to the east, and that'll bring me out through the cemetery where I used to come three years ago on Sunday afternoons."

Alas for Davidson.

The topography of these new districts changes fast when the real estate speculator takes hold. Where he thought to find the path into St. James Cemetery was a paved roadway—another of the crescent order—and its final curve was to the north.

He stepped a few paces to the right, leaned against a big tree down whose branches and trunk the moisture poured, and wiped his glasses. Before him lay the ravine, a hundred feet below. He saw that a scramble and a slide down that precipitous bank would put him in one minute where otherwise he could only get after a mile walk.

"Twenty years ago," he reflected "I'd rather have done that little stunt than not, but not to-night; that's no my department of athletics. I couldn't stay in the ravine, and I can't get out of this wilderness, unless I back out, and that's the only thing to do.'

He couldn't help recalling an incident of his school days. A great Indian guide, Sachem Gabe, who was at home in all seasons, night or day, under all conditions of weather, in the trackless forests of New Brunswick, was in town one day sitting for his portrait. The painter brought him to the school for the boys to see and left him there. After the boys had stared their fill of him, Gabe also went his way. Half an hour later there came a feeble tapping on the door, which being opened disclosed the dejected Gabe, tears streaming down his cheeks. "I can't get down," he said, though the stairway wasn't two rods from him.

"I'm about as smart as Gabe," thought Davidson, "and after this I'll stick to streets and street cars, until a new bump of location swells in my cranium, or until I can afford a guide."

So out he backed from the Castle Frank vicinity, past The Dale to the Elm street bridge, and by the shortest route to Riverdale Park, and finally to the Todmorden Heights. Two miles and a half (by the map) in an hour and fifty minutes, and ready for dinner, which was past ready for him.

"I suppose," said Davidson to his host that evening, "that they think in the Old Country every Canadian is a *voyageur* and a *coureur de bois*, by instinct at least, if not by occupation, just as we used to think every Englishman could play cricket. Now we've been in this country—we and our ancestors—since ever there were white men in it at all, and what sort of a *coureur de bois* would I make?"

"Ask me something easier," said Mac, preoccupied in his turn, and wondering what Davidson was talking about.

That List.

SCENE: A breakfast table.

DISCLOSED: A husband and wife.

HE (*suddenly rustling down his paper*): Have you got that list?

SHE: What list?

HE (*an expression of satirical cynicism coming over his face*): Weren't you going shopping to-day?

SHE: Oh yes.

HE: And wasn't it agreed between us that you were to make out a list of everything you wanted, and that we were to go over it together—in a businesslike way?

SHE (*vaguely*): Were we?

HE: That was the distinct understanding.

SHE: What for?

HE: You are almost enough to drive any one to drink. Didn't we go over the whole matter—didn't we agree that we couldn't go on in this way, ordering things that we could get along without, and omitting things that we really needed, and all the time living beyond our income? Didn't we thrash it out——

SHE: I believe something was said about it.

HE: Great Scott! (*throwing down his paper*). That's a nice thing to say. Well, we'll do it. We'll make it out right now.

SHE (*a light dawning on her*): Oh, you mean the list you talked of day before yesterday.

HE: Certainly I do. You said that you were going shopping to-day, and I suggested that you make out a list and that we talk it all over and decide.

SHE: Of course—I remember distinctly. But I am afraid, dear, that it is too late now.

HE: What do you mean?

SHE: Well, I decided not to wait —and I went shopping yesterday.

HE: Ha! You did, did you? And what did you get, and why are you going again to-day?

SHE (*smiling*): Well, you see, dear, I got all the unnecessary things yesterday, and to-day I've got to get the things that we simply can't get along without.—Life.

Can Do as Well in Chicago.

THIS bit of funning is from The Chicago Inter-Ocean:

The latest poem by Alfred Austin, England's poet laureate, is entitled "Unto the Last."

No doubt the exclusive right to the publication of this poem in the United States has been obtained at considerable cost, but we are almost certain our readers will agree with us when we say that something equally good could have been delivered by almost any member of Cook County Poets' Union, Local 4-11-44.

Here are three of the seven verses which it has been thought worth while to telegraph from New York:

When the plover flaps
O'er the idle plough,
And the woodpecker taps
On the rotting bough;

When the starved rook pecks
At the tight-stacked grain,
And the tattered nest flecks
The leafless lane;

Then, then will you love
Me, and still no less
When the grass waves above
My dreamlessness?

Now, if Dr. Howard S. Taylor were not running for United States Senator on the Independent League ticket, and if Mr. Hearst would only give him a few hours off, we have not the slightest doubt but he would be able to hand in for the noon edition, or at least for the hearth and home edition, or at all events, for the eight o'clock sporting edition, something like this:

When the sparrow flits
O'er the lawn mower still,
And the robin twits
By the hydrant rill—

When the blue jay dives
For the squirrel's store,
And the wild bee hives
'Neath the eaves no more—

Will you love me then
As you said you did
When the bullfrog croaked
To the katydid?

Or, if by chance he should fail, we could, if we cared to do so, name any one of a score of sweet singers of Cook County who, on the shortest notice, would be able to produce something like this:

When from casements fly
Bound books or chairs,
And the boarders rush
For the backdoor stairs—

Then, then will you love
Me, and still no less
When they're making hay
O'er my dreamlessness?

And one of the many pleasing features of the product of Cook County in this line would be that it need not be confined to seven or any other number of verses. If The Independent could use it the union would undertake to send it poetry of this kind by the yard or bale, as the editor might elect.

A CORRESPONDENT of The Pall Mall Gazette writes that Warsaw has recently given hospitality to two very interesting personages —Salar-ed-Dooleh, the Shah of Persia's younger brother, and his secretary.

Prince Salar, who has been exiled on account of his liberal opinions, is 27. He has a suite of twelve persons and lives in great privacy, only going out after nightfall, when the aspect of the streets with their well lighted shops and people amuses him immensely. He is good looking, intelligent and evidently energetically disposed so far as Eastern ideas go.

The women interest him greatly. He asked a lady at a dinner party where the young women were. She indicated several under thirty.

"But they are all quite middle aged and some even old!" he exclaimed. "I mean women of 10 to 16 years of age. All these ladies are excessively intelligent and amusing; but I want to see what the young women are like."

He was much impressed with the reply that "Women of 10 to 16 are in the schoolroom."

He himself has left a small harem of six young wives at Teheran. He has already fallen in love with a young Polish debutante whom he met at a party given by the Persian Consul and to whom he proposed next day. The girl's parents do not seem inclined to accept this princely suitor, possibly on account of the six wives in Teheran.

Scarcely less interesting is the Prince's private secretary, being no less a personage than the French author who writes under the name of Pierre de Coulevain. This lady is half Russian, her mother being a Princess Wolkowska, and was married to a Russian, Count Wikulinow. Her book on England, "L'Ile Inconnue," made a sensation a year or two back. "Noblesse Americaine" and "Sur la Branche" have become equally popular.

Countess Wikulinow is a great admirer of England and the English. She went to Persia with the intention of founding a French school in Teheran for the daughters of Persian nobles. The Medjlis was to give her a charter, but when this body was dispersed by the Shah she left the country with the Prince at his urgent request that she would help him during the first weeks spent in new surroundings:

The Countess is a brilliant linguist and a most interesting conversationalist. She intends shortly to publish a book upon Persian customs, which she has observed closely.

THE CANADIAN WAY TO THE CANADIAN WEST.

The C.P.R. depends more upon the excellence of its service than to an appeal to patriotism as the only Canadian route to the Western provinces and the Coast, and with a daily service of express trains between Ontario and Winnipeg has little to fear from foreign rivals. The trains, which carry through sleeping cars, dining car and coaches, leave Toronto every night, and use the all-Canadian line, via Georgian Bay, the north shore of Lake Superior and Ft. William, as interesting as it is direct. The time made, as might be expected, is considerably faster than by any other route.

"Did you ever have a cold?" inquired the plain citizen, "that you couldn't get rid of?"

"No," answered the purist, "if I had had I would have it now."

Thus the coolness arose.—Washington Herald.

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

BANK OF HAMILTON.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

A young and rapidly developing country such as Canada is specially dependent on its Banking System for the financing of its agricultural and mercantile products.

The Annual Statements of our monetary institutions are, therefore, of more than passing importance and should be carefully read by the public, for, upon the stability and progress of our Banks depends, in a large measure, the general prosperity and progress of our Commerce.

In this issue is published the Thirty-Seventh Annual Statement of the Bank of Hamilton, one of the soundest and most successful of our Banks, and one that, at the end of a somewhat unusual business year, presents to the public a statement of its financial standing and earnings that cannot but be a matter of congratulation to the officers, shareholders and public.

Net Profits for the year amount to over three hundred and sixty thousand dollars, being over 14 per cent. on the Paid Up Capital of $2,500,000. After paying Dividends to the Shareholders totalling ten per cent. for the year (amounting to $247,161.00) and writing sundry amounts off Bank Premises, etc., the balance carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss account bring it to over $300,000.00—more than enough, by the way, to pay a whole year's dividends, should lean years ever come in the future.

Attention might be called to the Total Resources of the Bank of Hamilton, which, on November 30th, amounted to $33,610,837.27, of which over 33 per cent. is in what are known as "Liquid" Assets—that is, cash or securities immediately convertible into gold. This high percentage of "Liquid" Assets illustrates the strength and conservatism of this Bank. When conditions were unsettled and the demands on the Bank by depositors or commercial customers were more or less uncertain, it had its house in order to meet any financial breeze or gale that could possibly arise.

While a few points of the Report are here indicated, the Statement itself—published in this issue—will well repay an hour's quiet study by the reader.

The Bank of Hamilton has been very fortunate in the selection of its various officials, and in the fact that the Directorate is composed of sound, successful business men, having a thorough grasp of the Banking and commercial requirements of Canada.

Altogether, the Shareholders have reason to feel well pleased with the steady progress that is being made, as revealed in the figures presented from year to year at their Annual Meetings.

IN a technical school an instructor was one day having some difficulty with a certain student, who seemed not entirely to grasp the idea of perspective.

"You understand," said the teacher, "that the farther one goes from any object, the smaller it appears."

The pupil shook his head doubtfully. "I'm not so sure about that," said he.

Whereupon the instructor was provoked and not a little surprised at such ignorance and obstinacy, to which feeling he gave utterance.

"Oh, it's all right as to some things," said the pupil, "but not all. But take, for instance, the case of a five-dollar bill?"

"GOWGANDA."

The quickest and best route will continue to be via Grand Trunk and T. and N. O. Railways to Charlton, thence 18 miles by stage to Elk Lake and 32 miles Elk Lake to Gowganda. This route will enable stops to be made at Temagami, Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard and Englehart. Cobalt Special leaving Toronto 10.15 p.m. daily makes direct connections with stages, reaching Elk Lake next afternoon. Full information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Papa was about to apply the strap. "Father," said Willie firmly, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest." This gave the old man pause. "Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric, but lately exposed to the dust of the streets, would be apt to affect you deleteriously." As the strap fell from a nerveless hand Willie sloped. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Vaudeville Dancer—When do you go on? Vaudeville Singer—Right after the trained cats. Vaudeville Dancer—Goodness me! Why don't the manager try to vary the monotony of his acts?—Cleveland Leader.

"Leading the artistic life," says the Philosopher of Folly, "consists in buying old candlesticks when you need new shoes."—Cleveland Leader.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?· POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ·?!

The Usher and the Soloist.

AN amusing incident occurred at the first concert of the National Chorus on Monday evening last. After the singing of Miss Helen Davies in Bridge's "The Flag of England," an usher rushed down the aisle with a large bunch of American Beauty roses. Miss Davies, who was threading her way out through the orchestra, did not see him, nor did Dr. Albert Ham, who was leading her off the stage. The audience gave her a recall, but the usher who had stationed himself beside the organ, absolutely concealed from her by the musicians on the platform, refused to make a move. Some of the players tried to solve the situation, but as they were mostly foreigners they failed to make themselves understood. The audience saw the situation and recalled the singer again without succeeding in budging the usher from his post, where he held the bouquet aloft.

Finally the situation got too much for the nerves of Mr. Frank Morley, secretary of the Board of Trade and one of the founders of the National Chorus. Speeding down the aisle with the swift glide of a panther, he ordered the youth to go and give the bouquet to Miss Davies the next time she came out.

The usher obeyed, but in a grudging way, for he remarked: "Well, she's supposed to come over here where I am."

An Eastern Prince in the Canadian West.

A LADY in New Westminster, British Columbia, tells an enjoyable story of Prince Hong Yu Wai, the Chinese reformer, who, with his interpreter and nine servants, was a guest at the Hotel Gulchon, in New Westminster, four years ago.

Mrs. G. and a young friend, Miss S., were living at the hotel, and were asked by the host if they would give up the parlors to the prince for a few days. They consented, slipping into the rooms only when they knew his highness to be out. Several times, however, they had narrow escapes getting out before the prince entered, and at last they were fairly caught.

Believing the prince to have left town, they were sitting in the parlor with their fancy work. All at once they looked up to see his royal person entering, followed by his retinue. They rose to go, and the prince made an angry exclamation.

"Sit down!" the interpreter ordered.

The ladies sat down from sheer surprise.

"The prince wishes to know," the interpreter said in studied book English," why you ladies leave the room every time he enters? Is he not a gentleman? Do you leave the room when your own gentlemen enter? He wishes you to understand that he is a gentleman and will be treated as such."

"We only feared we were intruding," Mrs. G. answered, "we shall be pleased to stay."

"The prince wishes to talk with you," the interpreter informed them.

Then his highness spoke and the interpreter translated.

"He wishes you to tell him," he said, "how old you are and if you make your own clothes; also where you came from."

"Is the prince an educated gentleman?" Mrs. G. enquired.

"No," was the somewhat scornful reply, "he speaks only one language—Chinese. No person is educated who speaks only one language."

The nine servants, meanwhile, were standing along the wall like so many ninepins. Mrs. G. looked inquiringly at them.

"They hear nothing; they see nothing," the prince said with a careless wave of the hand. However, he evidently believed they could taste something for they had to sample every morsel of food and cup of liquid that he touched. The Chinese government had laid a price on his royal head, and his head was precious to him. Mrs. G. then explained that she was from the south and that Miss S. was from Boston.

"The prince says," the interpreter remarked, "that your friend looks more intelligent than you do, but perhaps it is her glasses. If you wore glasses you might look as clever as she does."

"Tell me about China," Mrs. G. asked.

"Well," the interpreter answered, "China is not like this country. People do not know each other in China. New Westminster is here; Sapperton (a mile distant) is there. In China you live in New Westminster, I live in Sapperton. You do not know me, and I do not come to see you, but if your pig came to eat out of my garden our cities would go to war. It is these little interval wars that are ruining China. But the prince wishes to know," he interrupted himself, turning to Miss S., "what you study in the schools in your country."

"History," Miss S. replied.

"What kind?" he asked.

"American history," she answered.

"*American* history?" she screamed, "why, *America has no history!*"

Toronto Art Students' League Recalled.

IN his latest story, "New York," Mr. Harvey O'Higgins has given fame abroad to the old motto of the Toronto Art Student's League, N.D.S.L.—*Nulla dies sine linea*, which being interpreted means "Not a day without a line." The League, if one mistakes not, has since been absorbed by the Graphic Arts Club, but the counsel of diligence which its projectors accepted as their creed has led to results in many cities, New York included. While Mr. O'Higgins does not say in his story that his young artist who forms the central figure was a boy from Toronto, it is easy to recognize him as such from the motto.

This lad, sick and discouraged, sticks to the old motto learned in the sketching club at home. When his fortunes are apparently at their lowest ebb he finds that he is living in a boarding house filled with the kindest hearted and most generous people imaginable, and Mr. O'Higgins—who knows his New York as do few men, even though he is a Canadian—goes so far as to intimate that this situation is typical.

What the Torontonian would like to know is: Who is the former member of the Art Student's League? Is he a composite figure, or is he a mere creature of fancy? He seems too much alive to be the latter.

The Gentleman from Inverness.

A MAN from Whycocomagh, C.B., that lovely and secluded summer resort whose name the natives distort into Hoggomah, was trying bravely to uphold the merits of his native county (Inverness) in an argument with some East Cape Bretoners at Sydney. The odds were much against the native of the place with the unpronounceable name. The greater population, the trade, the coal mines and the industries of the larger county were all facts which he could not explain, so he fell back on his county's superior record in the matter of the greatest of the Island's products—its men.

"There wass some fery famous men come out of Inverness," said he.

"Tush, tush, who efer heard of any one that came out of Inverness?" queried his antagonists. The Inverness man called off several names which failed to create the impression he desired, and then casually mentioned "Big Rory."

"An, who efer heard of Big Rory?" sneered the Cape Bretoner.

"Oh, he wass a fery famous man! He wass well known on the Boston State and on the New York State and in Gloster. Big Rory wass sailing on a Glosterman one time, and it wass just about dark when the captain came on deck and he said to the mate, 'Who wass in the top?' and the mate said it wass Big Rory. And the captain, he says, 'And who wass Big Rory?' And Rory he bent down ofer the yard and he says, 'A shentleman out of Inverness, tam you.'"

A Frank Would-Be Reporter.

IT is not often that a city editor is treated with that frankness by an applicant for a position which characterized a young man who sought employment in the office of a morning daily the other day. He was asked the usual questions as to what he could do, whether he had ever had anything printed, where he had worked before, and so forth. He stated that he was not engaged in newspaper work at the present time but was employed by a prominent commercial firm of the city. He wished to get back to the business because he felt that it offered him a future.

"Oh, you have been in newspaper work, then?" said the editor.

"Yes, I worked in Montreal," he replied, and named the newspaper in question. He volunteered the statement also that he had not been treated right.

"You see," he went on, "I was engaged by the city editor at a salary of ten dollars a week. The managing editor was away at the time, and when he came back he asked the city editor what he was paying 'that fellow,' meaning me. When he was told he jumped back with the words 'Great Goodness.' Then he sent for me. I didn't go because I was afraid of him. Then he sent for me again and was pretty sharp because I had not come to see him the first time. Then he commenced to hem and haw and say he regretted it and so on until I got tired and said: 'Well, spit it out. What is it? I don't care; I'm not going to leave you, anyway.' Then he told me: 'We're going to cut you to five dollars a week,' he said."

Possibilities of Mispronunciation.

MANY are the mispronunciations of proper names heard on on the streets. For instance, a few months ago, when the famous French singer, Madame Calve, visited Toronto one heard her name pronounced on all sides as though she were prospective veal or a portion of somebody's lower limb. On several occasions this week at the Royal Alexandra, where Miss Hilda Spong has been playing, the lady has been referred to as though she were a bathroom accessory.

Perhaps the funniest mistake of the kind was one which occurred at St. Patrick's Separate School a few years ago. One of the instructors was known as Brother Pius. One morning when he was conducting his class, the head of a postman was thrust in the door with the following query as a letter was held out: "Say is there anyone round here named Brother Pins?" For months afterward this particular teacher was known to the boys as Brother Pins.

Old Age Pensioners.

CANADIANS will read with interest this pathetic account of the distribution of old age pensions in England, taken from Public Opinion, of London:

Exactly what an Act of Parliament may mean in terms of humanity was shown in a most vivid way last Friday, when over 500,000 men and women, over whom seventy winters, and in some cases many more, had passed, applied at the post-offices for their first payment of 5s., which had been granted to them after investigation of their claims.

It is impossible to depict the glad hearts which were produced by this Act of Parliament, but the papers have given a remarkable amount of space to the many incidents—humorous, pathetic and tragic even—which occurred on this first pension-day.

Here is one incident, told by The Westminster Gazette, which is typical of all:

To a hoary-headed old man rejoicing in the good old English name of William Smith belongs the honor of receiving the first old-age pension in Bethnal Green, which probably possesses a more needy class of pensioners, poor though the others must be, than any other district in London.

He lives in Mansford street, a poor street in a poorer neighborhood, and he is typical of the most deserving of all the State pensioners. For fifty years he has been a teetotaller, and worked steadily at his trade as an ornamental carver until severe illness struck him down. Fourteen years ago his wife died, and since then, in his solitary room, he has dragged out his existence. "Life has been hardly worth living," he said to me, as a tear trickled down his cheek. "But now!"

And he looked at the two shining half-crowns as though he doubted even then their reality.

He was not the first to enter the post-office, at 173 Bethnal Green road, which opened on the stroke of eight o'clock. Another old man, who could hardly totter along, was there, waiting on the step, and reached the pay-counter ahead of him, but the clerk in charge pointed out that he had not signed the pension order. While he was doing this, William Smith, with his order duly filled up and signed, pushed his "check-book" over the counter. Then the following colloquy ensued, which was repeated in every case:

"Are you Mr. William Smith?"

"I am."

"Do you live at 160 Mansford street?"

"I do."

"Is this your signature?"

"It is."

A brief examination of the book was sufficient, and the clerk, after detaching the order and stamping it, handed over the five shillings. That was all. But it was enough for William Smith and the thousands of others like him who are receiving their pensions to-day.

The first pensioners to appear at Ludgate Circus Post-Office were a venerable old couple, both nearly eighty. The old people walked into the office arm-in-arm, and were most courteously received by the clerks.

"Here, lass," said the old man, as he handed over his two half-crowns, "you be cashier; put it in your purse."

One old pensioner burst into the Wood Green Post-Office with a hearty shout of "Happy New Year to you, ladies." When he received his due, he exclaimed, "God bless you, and the Government, too!"

Here is the tragic side:

Two old men who had been excitedly anticipating the first payment at Blackburn, failed to turn up, and were found to have died in the night.

At Kilkenny an old lady of eighty died shortly before the pension-office opened.

Mr. George Underwood, of Puckeridge, who was to have received a pension, died on Thursday night.

In the list of women pensioners at Leeds, was Mrs. Hannah Atkinson, living in Glover street, and seventy-two years of age. She was found dead in her room.

A Surprise for Canadians.

THE people of Canada at large will learn with surprise that Canadian preference is to be the issue of the next British election—that this question is being forced upon the British Government by high feeling on the matter in the Dominion. This is the way English papers are putting it. For example, read this from The London Observer:

"The Times rendered a national service in publishing from a correspondent at Toronto a full and excellent summary of Lord Milner's Canadian speeches. Most of us were acquainted with isolated passages from these masterly addresses. Few had a previous opportunity of considering them in connection with each other and studying their method and spirit as a whole. Now that we can review them as a campaign of reason on behalf of Imperial unity we see that in their temperate power and compressed lucidity nothing quite like them has been delivered before, even by their author, and we understand why they made a deep impression upon the Canadian mind.

"If the speeches can be reprinted in pamphlet form they will have as profound an effect upon this side of the Atlantic. For it is here, and not there, that the struggle must be fought out. Canada has given preference so far as it depends upon her. She is willing for some time longer to maintain it, and to keep other suitors waiting. But the spirit of her economic policy is active and progressive. She cannot keep its whole movement indefinitely suspended for the sake of our 'beaux yeux.' The simple question is whether we mean to follow suit or not—whether we definitely agree or refuse to enter into Imperial partnership upon a basis of commercial reciprocity. That, and that alone, will be 'the dominating issue' at the next General Election—in spite of anything Mr. Asquith may propose to the contrary—and upon the result will depend the fate of the British Empire.

"Canada would not and could not wait for another appeal to the constituencies. Let us never forget for a moment that in significance for her political and commercial development a decade of her life is equivalent of more than a generation of ours. She will take our answer at the next General Election as final. Lord Milner brings this out with quiet but extraordinary distinctness. If he could have his way the question to be presented to the people by the Unionist Party would be as clean-cut, as concentrated, as unmistakable as possible. He would fight on the single issue. It is needless to say that his Canadian speeches were not rhetorical. Lord Milner uses no verbal pigment. The singular force of his addresses lies in the fervor of their very substance, in the interior strength of their thought, in the condensed and definite enthusiasm which exerts a moral magnetism upon everyone who comes within its influence. It is the glow of anthracite and not the fire of straw. Hence his power of communicating conviction and making even ordinary words potent.

"Lord Milner found the Imperial sentiment weakening in Canada. He arrested that decline. He knows that preference is what we may venture to call a disappearing option. It cannot now be all that it might have been made half a decade ago. But its possibilities still possess decisive value. Lord Milner has convinced the Dominion that the next General Election in this country will create a majority and a Government in favor of Imperial reciprocity. For another year or two Canada will probably hold the door open. More cannot be expected. In the opinion of every competent critic who has recently visited Canada there is just time to save the Imperial situation, but there is no time to lose."

* * *

As to all this SATURDAY NIGHT merely wishes to remark that we had no idea whatever that the situation out here was at all alarming.

An Historic Banquet.

ON New Year's Day the Sultan of Turkey gave a dinner to his new Parliament—a dinner which will certainly be historic. A most picturesque account of it was given by The London Telegraph:

In the dining-room of the Merassim Kiosk three long tables were set out in horseshoe formation, all brilliantly illuminated with electricity and decorated. Places at the tables were only reserved for the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the President and Vice-Presidents of the Chamber, the presidents of the sections, the secretaries and the high officials of the Palace. The deputies sat as they liked.

On the Sultan's right were the Grand Vizier, the Minister of the Interior, and the Second Vice-President of the Chamber. On his left were Ahmed Riza Bey, President of the Chamber, the First Vice-President, and the Minister of Justice.

Later on, the Sultan gave Djevad Bey the text of his speech, and ordered him to read it.

It ran as follows:

Deputies and Effendis: May the Almighty increase your felicity. (Cries of "Amen!") Truly and sincerely, I am satisfied to partake of a meal together with the representatives of all the Ottoman nation and of my Imperial subjects — that is, with the nation itself. (Cheers.) I think the event of this evening is the most happy omen in the history of my Empire. I congratulate you. May God honor us with many repetitions of this example.

This happy meeting is the first result and proof of the prosperity our Constitution has given, and will continue to give, please God, to the Empire, the nation, and the Fatherland, and as such it is worthy to be extolled. (Cheers.)

Deputies and Effendis, be pleased to know that the guardian of the rights of the Sultanate, the Empire, and the country is God, and next the nation and the Parliament. (Loud cheers.) Therefore, your duty is most important and holy. My decided wish is that your diligence, purpose, and intentions shall be in accordance with that importance and holiness. I, your Emperor and Caliph, assure and confirm, by permission of the generous God, that I have devoted my person to the maintenance of our Constitution as being the voucher and surety of our sacred rights, and whosoever acts contrary to this I will be his opponent and enemy. (Cheers.) The Sultanate is Constitutional and Liberal. May God the Highest be pleased to assist our efforts and diligence to secure the happiness and safety of the Empire, the nation and the holy Fatherland. (Cheers.)

So many desired to kiss the Sultan's hand or the skirts of his uniform that a crush was apprehended, whereupon the Sultan is reported to have said, with the tears pouring from his eyes, "I never have felt such satisfaction in my life, nor eaten such a sweet meal."

He then retired, but received in private Ahmed Riza Bey, the Minister of the Interior, and some of the deputies, and Talaat Bey, Vice-President, to whom he said:

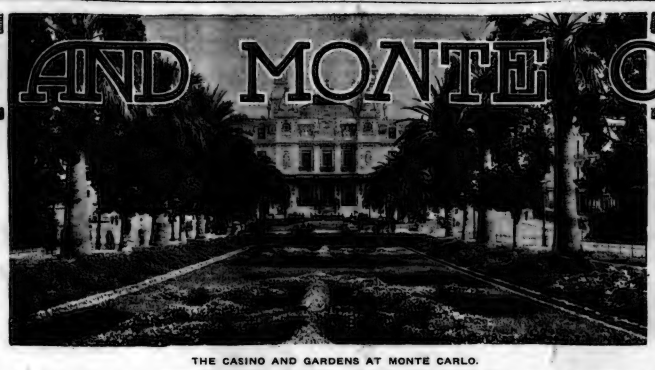
"I am so happy that I cannot express my feelings in words." When the deputies were about to leave the Sultan's Secretary, Djevad Bey, transmitted the following message to them from the Sultan:

"Whenever the nation wishes it, I am ready to sacrifice my life for her."

The British Academy's celebration of the tercentenary of Milton's birth ended with a performance of "Samson Agonistes" in Burlington Gardens, London. One critic says of it: "The action is not such as to carry the spectator along with anything like excitement, nor such as to offer him scenes, groupings, changes, which will interest or delight the eye. Everything, or nearly everything, depends, in fact, upon the language, that majestic Miltonic language. And in the last issue that means, of course, that everything depends upon the elocution of the actors. In that respect the audience was, on the whole, remarkably well served. The cast was as follows: Samson, Mr. Ian Maclaren; Manoa, Mr. Chas. A. Doran; Dalila, Miss Evelyn Weeden; Harapha, Mr. Lionel Braham."

In both India and China there are thousands of people who manufacture India ink as a side line to their regular business, working at it in the winter, at night, and on days when they are not otherwise employed. It is made by burning some kind of oil in a lamp with a very long chimney, usually made in joints which can be taken apart for greater convenience in cleaning out the soot, which makes the ink. Almost any kind of vegetable oil will answer, and in districts where petroleum is found even coal oil is used in making the cheaper grades. The best kind is made from sesame oil.

NICE AND MONTE CARLO



THE CASINO AND GARDENS AT MONTE CARLO.

NICE has barrels of history—some of it redolent with romance, much of it tragical, and a great deal of it immoral. The antiqueness is astonishing, and its duplicity in human adventure, both ancient and modern, is a record of provision and debauchery that has not been entirely effaced even by the callous consuetude of time.

Nice is the metropolis of the seductive French Riviera, and lies on the turquoise sea, and most of its days under azure skies. But the Mediterranean is not always as blue as it is reputed to be; it is so a great deal of the time, and frequently it does not excel in beauty many lovely visions of color I have had on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. I daresay that some who read this will think me a man of nerve to even compare them, but I have been able to truthfully observe on my travels, without being overcome by glamour. Still Nice is pervaded by a glamour that is difficult to analyze. I think that it is a resort that one does not visit haphazard; generally the visitor has come prepared for various experiences that have been formulated in a way by newspaper tabs and novel reading. He arrives with glittering expectation, and I do not intend to say that he will be disappointed; rather that he will be surprised. He knows that Monte Carlo is a suburb, and he finds at once that Nice is its alluring and seductive vestibule, and that it is the residential harbor of the Voluptuary and the Sybarite. It is a city of 130,000 people, and it is estimated during the season that it has a "floating population" of 200,000—most of which "floats" unmistakably. It floats on the great quays, and on the avenues, and infests the cafes which encumber the sidewalks, and the municipality provides seats for it to sit everywhere, and, great God how it sits! from morning until night, and then all night until morning, when it is found drinking absinthe at breakfast time. Who are all these people? It is plain that they are not guests of the fashionable hotels, nor can they be the business people of the town. If they have any homes, they are in little rooms in the iniquitous streets in the old Italian part of Nice, that make it still one of the most remarkable places in Europe, or else they live in the countless "pensions," or in plain English—boarding houses. What all these people, many of whom are renegades, come to Nice for, is enigmatical and problematical; they represent every nation of the globe. Nearly every man wears whiskers, curious shoes, and peculiar hats. The women all dress, more or less, alike, because to dress constitutes the hysterical profession of most women. Most of them are unhappy after they arrive in Nice, for they have discovered that the Place Massena is full of shops, displaying gowns and lingerie that defy the female vocabularic abilities of even a Thais or a Louise, and construct dupes out of men.

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But, in spite of all these things that I have, perhaps, put somewhat pessimistically, Nice is very beautiful. It has a mile or more of superb water-front on the gorgeous sea that is nearly always flinging a scintillating crystal surf upon the beach, and along this is the jettee or promenade, a fine broad walk, splendidly paved, and a smooth driveway, all faced by handsome hotels, with gardens filled with tropical plants. These hotel structures are not suggestive of easy, sociable, verandah life like the American building, and are conducted with an absurd formality that reduces their income to one-tenth what it might be on the American idea. It is impossible to venture within their portals without being compelled to give some explanation. They are in no sense even a rendezvous, except for actual guests; therefore, there is no outside or general interest. The most conspicuous object in view is the ever obtrusive and superfluous concierge, an individual who would not be tolerated in an American hotel. Happily, however, he is being replaced in many of the big modern caravanseries by an actual man, who tries to be of service, although he still wears the hat badge. Nice is crowded with old-fashioned hotels with unheated rooms, and sparsity of up-to-date plumbing. But now a distinct sensation has been created by the introduction of a magnificent establishment called the Majestic Palace, especially built to suit the demands of American and English people, and it has already taken the wind out of the sails of all others. It was erected at a cost of $2,000,000 by a company that controls famous hotels at Caux, Tersilet, Interlaken, Geneva, and Lucerne, and which has by its liberal and progressive spirit accomplished startling innovations in the Swiss hotel industry. The American ideas of comfort has also been a prodigious factor in assembling people for a continuous season residence. At this moment, the Majestic Palace has several hundred guests, with the season hardly begun, and will, doubtless, turn away hundreds as it progresses. It is magnificent in every sense of the word. I know of no other place where one can obtain so much comfort, luxury, and delight for the money—15 francs a day! Those who have not travelled abroad cannot realize how important this hotel question has become. The management of the Majestic consists of the brothers, Emery, two young men of fine instincts and education, nephews of Ami Chessex, head of the great company, and, perhaps, the most accomplished "hotelier" in the world. He lives privately in his beautiful Villa Beau-Regard, at Tersilet, on Lake Geneva.

But, to turn again to the Riviera. Besides the popular promenade along the sea at Nice, which is full of color and curiosity, there are several beautiful avenues lined with dazzling little shops, while the Place Massena from which everything radiates, surrounds a public park, filled with tropical plants and flowers, and some sculptures that stand impressively against the exquisite backgrounds of garden, sea, and sky. It had, at first glimpse to me, at a moment when the band that has daily concert in the pagoda, was playing a Sousa march, an almost thrilling likeness to one spot in the ever-to-be remembered Pan-American Exposition. The land and waterscape from any point of the town is superb; a marvellous juxtaposition of mountains, headlands and sea, which in the glow of sunset, are bathed in blue and pink lights, and an indescribable azure haze. The great sweep of the bay is encircled by the towering heights of the town, and in this hour the windows of the picturesque white and yellow buildings that lie terraced, tiered and turreted, are shining with a gold reflection like the jewels of a tiara.

The Largest Hotel on the Riviera, Majestic Palace, at Nice.

BY DESHLER WELCH

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These are parts of Nice that are very like an American city. Some of the residential avenues and side streets are so emphatically modern, that the contrast with the old is startling. The Avenue de la Gare that leads from the station to the Place Massena is lined with huge shade trees and seductive shop windows and cafes, and it is crowded from early morn until midnight. There is a bewildering display of jewelry and bon-bons, and candied fruits, that now include pine-apples and melons, and some of the "souvenir baskets" contain a bushel. The window display of millinery and costumes is, as I have already suggested, amply riotous enough to drive women mad. The Italian district is rich in suggestion to the artist. Some blocks of it are, I think, more "foreign" and picturesque than anything I have seen in France. There is, in one centre, a maze of streets with bewildering intersection that are scarcely ten feet wide, and so darkened by high tenement buildings that the sun never shines on the pavement. The shops along these canyons are mere holes in the wall, and with the close contact of poverty, damp, dogs and cats, it is a wonder that disease does not create a plague. Some of these streets run up the side of a hill in broad steps, upon which the loiterers form a picture that only an artist's brush could give expression to. The kodak can never convey the atmosphere of such strange places. Through the town, and adjacent to this section runs the river Paillon, cutting a very large swathe with a wide bed of gravel, and a small running stream, crossed by numerous bridges. Along this curious waterway nearly all the laundry work of the town is done. The river is lined in the mornings by washerwomen scrubbing linen on boards with the cold water, and most of them are so large and healthy looking, and talk so loud, I would not like to meet one of them on a dark night in Garibaldi Square. In the afternoon, the town's linen is hung up to dry, on ropes fastened over the gravel-bed, and all the air within the mile is charged with the smell of suds and other things. The flower market, not far away from this, is one of the most attractive spots in Nice. It runs along one street for half a mile, hundreds of little stands covered by a big white umbrella, and attended by insistent and bargaining women. The display of flowers is in such abundance that I think it defeats its own ends. Too much of a good thing is apt to pall. Roses are piled together in embankments like apples on a cart, and like nearly all the roses one finds in European markets, they are entirely void of perfume. The mountains of violets, roses, mignonette, verbena, carnations, stacked in the Nice market every day, would put the populace to sleep with their pungent perfume, if they were American flowers.

The municipality is busy devising ways and means of entertaining its people, and likewise giving them an opportunity to get rid of all superfluous cash that may be gathered from them. It was a splendid opera house, and a casino that occupies about the space of Madison Square Garden in something of the same style, but in a cheap building. There are on an average six entertainments a day going on in this—concerts, comic opera, vaudeville and French plays, and, it is generally filled with "floaters." At the opera there is always a superior performance three times a week, and a good company that is worked to death, for when they would ordinarily have an idle moment in the opera house, they are shifted over to the Casino to do odd jobs on other nights. Tuesday evening is the fashionable one, and the boxes are bright and brilliant with Nice society, which consists in the season conspicuously of American and English people, with here and there "a Marquis or a Rooshian." In the Casino building, as likewise in the other Casino run by a company, which extends out into the water from the jettee, are several large gambling rooms, conducted as they are in Monte Carlo, and these are patronized by a synchronic, absinthe-loving crowd.

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Do not misunderstand me. Nice is joyous, alluring and fascinatingly interesting. It has its own ideas of morals, and fosters any kind, but it is seductive and kind enough, beautiful and enchanting enough, to call one back again, and I have had many dreaming weeks in it.

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To advance upon the subject of Monte Carlo in this letter now fills me with an indefinable apprehension, with mental quivering. I have a vague suspicion that much of it is caused by my knowledge of the inadequacy of printer's space, and the patience of the hereditary, gentle reader. To enjoy Monte Carlo rationally and philosophically, one should sojourn in Nice, and make only such visits as the spirit and occasion moves. To stay in Monte Carlo, or Monaco, always seems to me like visiting in a ball-room after a dance, or, perhaps, boarding in a barroom. Monte Carlo is all it is described to be, and even more, but its artificial beauties are of the "Exposition" type, and, therefore, command a sort of ginger-bread awe. The natural part of the place, its exquisite setting, under kaleidoscopic coloring; the gorgeous sunsets and the matchlessness of its morning glory are never to be forgotten. But what all people go to Monte Carlo for, is to see the gambling rooms in which many people, who in their homes across the water are deacon-like in their department, and some of them really deacons, sit down and play the game for money—and get nipped as a general thing. It is all square, but when you look around and behold the wondrous decorations of that Palace of Pactolus, the almost debauching art, and know its history—its triumph over man and death, then you must have a sufficient gleam of intelligence to understand that when you buck up against its game you are nothing but a miserable worm. Many do leave the place, however, with a load of gold in their pockets, a fortune won in an hour, but they also have a finish that I won't attempt to set down. I believe that I am the first to make the statement in public print—I have never heard it even whispered—but I believe that since the era of "bridge," the gambling at Monte Carlo has increased fifty per cent., and the type of people that surrounds the tables, numbers more decent looking girls and women than ever before. Is it not a disgraceful and outrageous reflection on our times, when mothers are teaching their daughters the how to gamble; that even the minister in the church does not denounce the game, because his wife and daughters are thus trying to increase their income? The whole principality of Monaco is supported by the gold lost at the gambling house; it is its national institution, and *the salary of the Bishop of Monaco is paid out of this money!*

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As I have suggested, the reflective man can find much in Monte Carlo to think about in his philosophy. The normal-minded individual, who has been brought up in a fine ordered community, who has had to struggle hard for every cent in order to support himself, cannot help but have an attack of something akin to *Mal de Mer* in standing by one of these gaming tables, in almost indescribable surroundings, beholding the masses of money that are shovelled from one pocket into another by the participants, and realizing that this crowd is composed of blackguards, cut-throats, ladies and gentlemen, young women, libertines and prostitutes and criminals of the worst type. They form, however, a decent-looking crowd, for they are mostly masked in the shadows, for only on the tables are all the lights focussed. It has been said that there are three suicides a week in the "principality." They are covered up under quick management, and between the limestone headland of Monte Carlo, and the island of Corsica, the sea has become the graveyard of thousands of victims. There is every possible device in Monte Carlo to wheedle the innocent and delight the unscrupulous. It is in its outward and material garb a paradise—one of the most transcendantly beautiful places on the face of the earth—but the texture of its angelic draperies is also that of the shroud. When you visit the Riviera, see Monte Carlo by all means; it is an education, a lecture, a study—it is a wonderful exhibition of false glamour and cupidity. It is a great trier-out of character. On its golden grill, the sizzling of the friend whom you thought you knew at home will strike you as absurd, pathetic and tragical. All the conditions of Monte Carlo are inimical to the sojourner. The hotels and restaurants are ungodly in their prices, and the whole condition is feverish. If you visit the Riviera, stop in Nice, then take in Monte Carlo as you would visit a menagerie.

GENERAL VIEW AT MONTE CARLO.

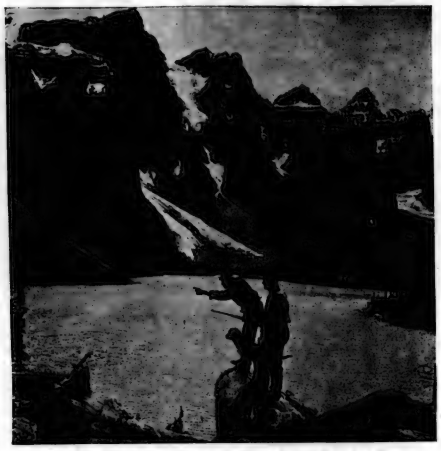
On the many million dollars' worth of buildings owned by the United States Government in the Panama Canal zone, no insurance is carried. The Government has spent $10,250,000 in buildings in the zone, which amount takes no account of the value of the buildings purchased from the French, both in the canal zone and the republic of Panama, nor value of the property in all the buildings, including the large amount of stores. The only protection against fire the Government has for these buildings scattered along a line fifty miles in length is in the precautionary measures taken and in the fire department, which has been developed to a high state of efficiency.

Rome is not yet finished. Ernest Nathan, the Mayor of Rome, is described as a remarkable man of charming personality, earnest in his work and intent on doing his utmost toward bringing to perfection the plans which will make Rome one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

THE BEAUTIFUL SEA WALK AT NICE.

VIEW OF THE FAMOUS GAMING ROOMS AT MONTE CARLO.

IN THE LAST WEST



Moraine Lake and Valley of the Ten Peaks in the Canadian Rockies.
(Copyright by B. L. Singley.)

THE surest way to conviction is to see things for oneself. That is not always possible in a big country like this. First-hand information, then, concerning such questions as the potentialities of the Canadian West, is therefore very valuable. On Monday of this week Mr. Fred F. Lawrence, of Fort Vermilion, gave some first-hand information to the Canadian Club of Toronto as to the vast possibilities of the Peace River and Athabasca districts. Mr. Lawrence is a young man, thirty seven years of age. He is the son of a pioneer in the far North-west. He has lived there all his life and is bringing all his intelligence to bear on the problem of developing the great region to the north of Edmonton, concerning which so much has been said on this page from time to time, and which the people of the east are just beginning to realize is a veritable land of promise, so immense that its potentialities are incalculable. Mr. Lawrence's mission here now is to interest eastern capital in western transportation problems.

In addressing the Canadian Club he pointed out that gold is to be found in all the rivers flowing east from the Rocky Mountains, and that the MacKenzie and other rivers run through beds of coal. In fact, he said, in that region there are the greatest coal deposits in the world. Petroleum and asphalt are also there in vast quantities. There is also plenty of natural gas. As to agricultural possibilities, Mr. Lawrence said that there are sixty-five million acres of land at least in the Peace River country on which grain can be produced. "When Port Churchill is open." he said, "we can ship wheat from the Peace River to Liverpool cheaper than it can be shipped from Manitoba to-day."

In various interviews, too, Mr. Lawrence, who is full of enthusiasm regarding the Last West, gave, while here during the week, interesting descriptions of conditions there, all based on experiences and observation.

Proceeding to deal in detail with the possibilities of the country, Mr. Lawrence said he had raised there 66 bushels of wheat per acre, weighing 64 lbs. a bushel, equal to 70 bushels, and 44 pounds standard measurement per acre. "And," he continued, "this can be done through a country in which we have a quarter of British Columbia all of Northern Alberta, and considerable of the rest of the world.

In this same latitude Mr. Lawrence said he had raised 25 varieties of garden flowers, just to show it could be done, as well as all kinds of garden vegetables. In addition they had immense inland fisheries the finest salmon, trout, herring and other fish swarming up its rivers from the Arctic ocean, and ere many years he expected to see a great canning industry established to handle these rich resources.

Timber, also, there was in abundance, both south and north of the so-called timber line—spruce, birch and other timber, often over four feet in diameter and from 100 to 140 feet high. Even as far as the mouth of the Mackenzie River, far inside the Arctic circle, he had seen spruce two feet in diameter. In addition to this enormous quantities of wild fruits, such as rasoberries, currants, gooseberries and saskatoons grew there, showing the possibilities of cultivated fruit.

* * *

ZENS DOTY, big game hunter, trader and rancher, is called "the Duke of the Cottonwood island," one of the San Juan group in Puget Sound, where he maintains the Harvey E., a trim craft which has navigated the rough seas off British Columbia and Alaska for years.

He holds the trophy as the best rifle shot of the State of Washington as well as the entire Pacific coast, and is one of the picturesque figures of the west and north. He probably is the best informed man regarding game of the rapidly disappearing army of hardy fur traders in the little known north country.

Doty has made a fortune in the last fifteen years trading with Indians and white men along the Yukon and in Alaska. Sportsmen all over the Northwest are acquainted with him, and he is also known to many in the middle States and among the fur buyers in New York and London.

He declares that more money can be made trading with the white hunters in Alaska than with the Indians. This was not so in the earlier days, but the Aborigines have been spoiled, and the conditions are different. Competition also has changed. It is necessary to do trading in quicker time than formerly, and in this it is impossible to hurry the northern Indians.

Doty's principal trading field, says Fur News, is along the Yukon river, which he has followed from the interior, where it is a mere creek, over which one can step, down to the mouth, where it flows into the sea. He has also traded up in the Arctic circle, where the scattered hunters and Indians seldom see strange faces, and he has brought out some of the finest marten, lynx, silver fox and red fox furs ever seen.

In the more civilized regions of Alaska, along the Yukon, Doty says that cash must be paid for furs, but further to the north it is necessary for a trader to carry in guns, blankets, knives and other articles of use in camp. The hunters there have no use for money, but for a pair of warm blankets they will give most any kind of a fur.

Doty declares it is a mistaken idea that beads and like ornaments can be exchanged for furs with the Indians of to-day. This might have been the case at one time, but they are not so easy now. They must have spot cash money for their furs. However, they will take ornaments for their relics, such as baskets.

A cake of toilet soap, if it has a strong and pleasant odor, will please them more than anything else. He told of offering soap that has no smell to the squaws, and the Indians threw it away in disgust. Black tea is also popular with the northern Indians. They will not accept green tea, and any of this kind that is carried to Alaska for trading purposes is wasted. This, he said, is due to the fact that the Russians invaded the country years ago and introduced black tea.

Doty cleared $6,000 on a recent trip down the Yukon from Eagle. In addition to making more money than on any previous trip, he had the time of his life. There was excellent hunting along the banks of the river and by a peculiar incident he profited by the sport.

In one region the duck shooting was the best he had ever known. Hearing that further on down the river the ducks were scarce and in demand, he tied up his boat for a few days and began killing the birds, which he sold for $1 each.

* * *

THE Vancouver Province deals interestingly with a proposition to place some fitting memorial—as a tribute from British Columbians, and especially from the people of Vancouver—in the church in Surrey, England, in which the eminent navigator, Captain George Vancouver lies buried.

The Province says: "We feel sure that this suggestion will meet with the approval of many of our readers. It is not exactly to our credit that the last resting-place of a man so intimately and so exemplarily connected with our early history should have nothing to mark it beyond the ordinary and customary gravestone that in a frugal and simpler age was placed there by family affection—no more, in fact, than was usually accorded the graves in which 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!'

"We have opened up communication with the rector of the church, in whom, according to English ecclesiastical law, the freehold of the church and churchyard is vested, and who is responsible for the care and upkeep of the fabric. It is proposed to call, as soon as possible, a meeting of the subscribers to the fund, to discuss the form the memorial shall take, so that a definite suggestion from the donors may accompany their gift. Should this proposal meet with public favor it may later come within the bounds of possibility to erect a monument in commemoration of Captain Vancouver in Stanley Park. An obelisk of dignified proportions on Prospect Point, overlooking the narrows up which he sailed more than a century ago on his way to the inlet that he named after Sir Henry Burrard, of the Royal Navy, would seem to be a suitable memorial. Besides perpetuating the memory of the great navigator it would be an object of interest to visitors and a landmark to those who follow the sea and come up the passage that he dared when its waters were unchartered and unknown. For such a worthy object the co-operation of our school children might be obtained, and we feel sure it would excite a kindred interest to that evoked by the monument they placed in Stanley Park to the memory of the late Queen Victoria."

* * *

ALEXANDER McDONALD, once one of the richest men in the Klondike, dropped dead recently at Dawson. He was dredging property near Clear creek in the Stewart river country.

The temperature was 50 degrees below zero when he went out to split wood for his cabin fire. While getting the wood he died of heart failure.

McDonald went to the Klondike during the first rush. He quickly acquired many claims, securing several of the best groups in the camp. A London syndicate offered $11,000,000 but McDonald held his claims at $30,000,000. After encountering many mining reverses he lost most of his property.

His latest venture in dredging property in the Stewart district has not as yet amounted to much. He hoped to realize good returns.

* * *

THE wonderful resources, magnificent distances and future possibilities of the Peace River country were recounted to a Winnipeg Free Press reporter one day recently by an enthusiast in the person of J. K. Cornwall, who has spent the last twelve years there. He is not only impressed with the development under way in the vast country northwest of Edmonton, but is using every endeavor to educate the outside public to the riches lying there unexploited.

"People," he said "are gradually becoming cognizant of the tremendous wealth that lies buried in the fertile northland, but it is really hard to properly impress the public with the extent of the navigable streams, the wonderful productiveness of the soil, the possibilities for cattle ranching, and with what is of most immediate importance, the necessity for development of the lumber, fishing and mining industries.

"There are 3,500 miles of navigable streams in the Mackenzie watershed," said Mr. Cornwall. "Can you appreciate that? and they are in better shape for development to-day than is the mighty Mississippi with all its tributaries, and after the United States has spent hundreds of millions on them for improvements. These waters will serve the purpose of opening up the fine new country to the north, the same as the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Red did for the middle west in the early days. At present there is an actual money investment on these streams of $225,000 and the Hudson's Bay Company has just completed a new steel steamer to run between the Arctic and the lower Mackenzie. It is equipped with electric lights, baths and other modern improvements.

"There are practically only two breaks in the navigable waters of which I speak. One of these is what is known as the Vermilion chutes on the Peace river, about 50 miles below Vermilion. These are a series of rapids and waterfalls about one and one-half miles in extent. The other is on the Great Slave river, 100 miles south of Lake Chippewayan, where there are 16 miles of falls and rapids, affording, by the way, tremendous water power.

"The erroneous idea prevails that costly waggon roads are necessary for opening up the country, and until this is accomplished progress will be slow. Such an idea is absurd. All that is necessary to tap the country and ensure rapid development are two short lines of railway to connect with the waterways. One of these should run northeast about 250 or 275 miles to the Athabasca river, and the other northwest about 400 miles to the Peace River. That would do the trick. It will not be long before these lines are completed."

Mrs. Carrie Nation is to be seen on the stage of a London music hall. She has accepted an engagement to give a series of lectures for a vaudeville syndicate, which pointed out the excellent opportunity she would have in advancing her prohibition campaign, and guaranteed, as far as lay in its power, courteous and attentive treatment.

DAY TRAIN TO PARRY SOUND AND SUDBURY.

C.P.R. express leaves Toronto at 9.40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, making fast run to Parry Sound and Sudbury. A kitchen car is carried, in which meals are served a la carte.

Irene—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him. Evelyn—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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A WORD ABOUT QUALITY IN LINENS

There are two classes of linen buyers....the women who can judge linen quality, and those who have to take the salesman's word for it.

TO the first class we have little to say. The large majority of them are regular visitors to our Linen Department; because they have found out that they need look no further for real value—downright excellence—the actual Irish-made article.

But, to the women who *don't* quite feel capable of detecting flaws and separating the "wheat" from the "tares," we want to emphasize a few points that should lead them here next **week.**

First of all, we want you to make enquiries about our Linens—ask any competent judge of linen quality who has ever made a purchase at our linen counter, what kind of value she got. We are content to abide by her verdict.

Then, a word about our sources of supply. To offer *real linens* at low prices, necessitates a closeness of touch with the Irish mills. It is only by purchasing in extremely large quantities, and by knowing "where, when and how" to buy, that we are able to offer the remarkable values for which our Linen Department has become known.

With these ideas before you, we would suggest a visit to this store next week—if you care to witness a Linen Sale that will astonish even those accustomed to the unusual stocks and prices.

There are:—

Table Damask....Fine Bleached Irish Satin, handsome patterns in the newest bordered designs.

Table Centres and Carvers, exquisitely worked.

Dainty D'Oyleys for Table or Sideboard.

Sideboard Covers and Bureau Sets.

Pillow Shams with drawn work patterns.

In fact everything that comes under the head of "Linens."

If you are prepared to believe that there can be a sale of Linens more remarkable for value than any such sale we have ever attempted before, then come to our Linen Department next week.

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TORONTO CANADA

The Airships.

DEM airships keep a-sailin'—
Dey do de country proud.
But de li'l stars feel skeery,
An' de moon hide in a cloud.

Whilst dey a-gwine higher,
S'pose Satan block de ways
Wid a chariot er fire,
An' put 'um in a blaze?

An' de man dar, whar de moon is,
W'en he fin' 'um on his track,
May take a big moon-mountain,
An' beat de las' one back!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A notable feature of the menu at many of the more important social functions during the present season, and particularly at afternoon teas and receptions has been the item of York Springs dry ginger ale.

This drink undoubtedly has a delightful piquancy and flavor found in no other. It is not unlike champagne in its stimulating effect, although, of course, it is free from any intoxicating quality.

It is of interest to Toronto people to know that this vicinity produces the mineral water used in the manufacture of York Springs dry ginger ale, which by analysis has been proved to be superior to any other found in America, and equal to the finest mineral waters of Europe.

The fact that this is becoming known is no doubt the reason why the York Springs dry ginger ale is becoming so popular among the best people in Toronto. In fact no well-appointed table is now considered complete without this dainty beverage or some other York Springs product.

Some people think that such drinks are only suitable for summer, but their use can be advised just as strongly for winter, and in a great many homes in Toronto they are now an item of everyday use.

Leading Tragic Man—Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house! Stage Manager—Yes, they knew you weren't really dead.—Tit-Bits.

"Speaking of poetry, does the modern school make us think?" "Well, it makes us hustle for the dictionary, that is, those of us who have any curiosity at all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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C.P.R. TO DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

There is no faster or better train service between Toronto, Detroit and Chicago than that afforded by the C.P.R., which in point of mileage is the short line to the latter city. Expresses leave Toronto at 8.00 a.m. and 7.20 p.m. daily, well equipped with comfortable coaches, dining and cafe cars, and on the evening train through sleeping cars for both Detroit and Chicago.

Lady Gay's Column

"NONSENSE!" said a woman impatiently, as she passed me on her way to the elevator. "All this pother about dress and ornament. I'm sure we'd be happier if we never had any clothes." The laugh and the shiver with which her outburst was received (mercury 8 deg. below) had scarcely died into oblivion when some one remarked, in that quiet tone of research, which tells of deep wells of thought being sounded. "Clothes have always puzzled me. They weaken us, and make us helpless against exposure. They have some deep occult value, however, which I have not yet arrived at. They have held a deep significance since the story of the Fall, when they marked some great transition in the development of man. "Clothed and in his right mind" has more meaning and less obviousness than any phrase which has puzzled me lately. As the flesh veils the spirit, so the garments veil the flesh—they follow in significance. Clothes mean more the higher one goes in the scale of development. I cannot quite laugh at the objection some have to the nude in art. To me it is doubtful, to say the least, and I am neither prude nor impure in thought. It is not teaching nor fashion which makes us recognize the hidden value of clothes, it's something deeper, greater and more mysterious. In the meantime we clothe ourselves quietly, loudly, modestly or brazenly, with artistic draperies or barbarous angular, unwholesome inventions. We are dainty or vulgar in our clothes, confessing ourselves frankly thereby. And behind all, beyond all, there is that hidden mystery of the why and wherefore of clothing? and the speaker's eyes were filmed with some half-trapped fugitive thought, explanation, what you please, that told of the strong mind baffled.

The vagaries of our friends the Doukhobors, which seem so foolish and inexplicable, as they tramp the prairies in a state of Nature, may have their origin in some groping after the real meaning of the custom of hanging clothes about our bodies. In this climate the question begs itself, but there are conditions in which one might think and theorize to more purpose. The awakening of the higher life within one, may be followed by a corresponding instinct of reserve, in concord with the wonder and mystery of psychic growth, which evinces itself in a tendency to cover the body, instead of stalking savage-like through life. To follow up this thought through its many byways and divergencies would check some and stimulate others in the treatment of the question of "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

One of Elinor Glynn's characters, Grandmama, I think, says that "real" ladies will wear fine linen no matter how poor or coarse their outer garments have to be. This is a statement which one might take with a pinch of salt. I have an idea that a "real" lady, with a few ounces of brain would prefer to have her clothing more consistent, and would deny herself the "fine linen," which means luxurious "next" apparel, and substituting plainer and less expensive wear, give herself a smarter and better gown and hat—harmonize her garments, so to speak. Personally, my idea of being rich is, not to wear diamonds and ermine, or any painfully obvious proofs of a gorged exchequer, but simply to have a perfectly fresh and dainty outfit every morning of the garb which is sacred to one's own pleasure. Fresh, pretty wear, every morning is what I should have if I were a rich woman, with other things, not so important, of course.

Talking of clothes reminds me of a quaint experience recited to me the other day by an aspirant to Thespian fame, concerning her first experience in securing an engagement in New York. She was quite young, full of go and vitality, and, with the courage born of ignorance, she sallied forth one hot summer day to "chase managers" in the parlance of her friends. Mindful of many warnings against the wiles of naughty persons of both sexes, the girl subdued the riotous curliness of her hair, donned a neat quiet black muslin gown, and a tidy little sailor hat and veil, and was particular about her gloves and shoes, neither new, but in good order. All day long she "chased managers" in and out of offices, waiting outside doors, only to be met with a quick glance or a long stare and instantly and curtly dismissed. Her good Irish blood boiled, but she would not give in until every one on her list had been besieged in vain. Then at evening she returned to the room she shared with a struggling girl artist, tearful and dismayed. Such sudden celerity of dismissal, time after time, had made her frightened and stunned. Just one look, and the coarse reply "Nothin' doin'" from her last hope had taken all her spirit out of her. She slowly retailed her experience to the girl artist, and that one glanced up at the end thereof. "Did you go chasing managers in *that* rig?" mumbled the girl artist, with a brush between her teeth. "Why, isn't it an awfully quiet lady-like get up?" "I did my very best!" cried the forlorn embryo actress. The artist girl glanced up again. "Hm-m-m," she vouchsafed. "Get your meal, and come here presently and I'll tell you things. Lord knows, you need someone to put you wise!" So she got her meal, and somewhat fortified by the tea and bread and butter which was her frugal fare, she returned to sit at the feet of a she-Gamaliel in a paint-daubed kimona. "In the first place, how much money have you got?" demanded Gamaliel. "About a hundred dollars." "Well, we must make that do. Have you any other sort of clothes than those?" The neophyte showed her trunk and hat box. "No, nothing here any good. Seven ostrich feathers. Well, they'll do—and now let me tell you what we'll do to-morrow. We'll take your cash and blow it in on the wildest clothes it will allow. Don't you object; I know those guineas you've been to see. I know their tastes. Haven't I done their posters for two seasons? You just do as I tell you. You can act when you get a chance, I think. I'll get you the chance, but only if you do just what I tell you to." The next day at ten o'clock, the girl stood in a shop trying on a fearful poppy hat. "That's the tilt," said her artist friend. "I think with that yellow muslin and those high-heeled buckle shoes and that hat, with your feathers all sticking up around it, and that white and silver hand bag, you'll do. You just walk into old Benjy's den and stand looking at him—like this, no, saucier, that's the style, don't say one word—just stare at him until he says something, and then tell him to get busy and sign you up for something good. Can you do it?" The girl looked at the flaring figure in the awful hat, with its chin tilted and its bold eyes half closed. She felt the part; she is a born actress; she stuck out her chin a little further; she winked at the artist girl, and she said nasally: "Sure thing I can." Then they stuck the seven feathers at acute angles around the poppy hat and went out into the street. "Men are staring at me," gasped the bedizened one as they tramped on. "Of course they are. You'll get Benjy at the first breath. There, go in, and bring that contract back with you. If he asks you to luncheon, tell him you'll see about it, when your trunks are unpacked. That there's nothing doing before that, and you come straight home with your contract." The girl went back to the office of yesterday, opening the door and walking in silent and impudent, and in half an hour she had her contract in her hand and was speeding back to her friend. The janitor brought her notice to leave the house next morning, but the artist girl straightened things up and the terrible gown and hat became stage costumes for her part in the new play. The manager ordered her to wear just what she stood in. The author gloried in her impudence and her half veiled stare. She was a success, for she could really act, but as she said, while retailing this experience to me one day lately: "It was, you see, merely a question of clothes." If we would honestly confess it, many of the corners of our luck have been turned merely because of some bright inspiration in garbing ourselves, or some trivial consciousness of our unattractive appearance.

LADY GAY.

Mrs. Eleanor Relyea, a clerk in the signal office of the American War Department, will be the next social secretary of the White House, and Miss Isabelle Hagner, who now dictates the social lists of the President's wife, will step from the coveted position back into the ranks of government clerks by executive order and will be given a position in the surgeon-general's office of the War Department. Unofficial announcement of these changes has been made in Washington. Mrs. Relyea was appointed to the War Department from Connecticut in 1907. She is a woman of culture and has a wide acquaintance among the social colony not only in Washington but in New York and Newport. She is the widow of Albert Relyea, formerly a chief of a division in the Treasury Department, Washington.

In Vanity Fair.

MRS. HOWARD GOULD'S frank disclosure of what she calls her necessary expenses has naturally aroused a good deal of attention. It will be remembered (notes a writer in The Argonaut) that this interesting lady claimed that the bare cost of living, outside travelling expenses and charity, amounted to over $70,000 a year, and that she simply could not get through this vale of tears on any less.

The London correspondent of the New York World has taken some trouble to find out whether the demands of English society ladies are quite so high as this, and he has accordingly interviewed Lady Angela Forbes, who, it seems, belongs to a "very talented family," being half-sister to the Countess of Warwick and sister of the Duchess of Sutherland.

Lady Angela Forbes is not disposed to be severe on her sister-butterfly. There are certain items of expenditure that need not be incurred at all in England, while the differences in the cost of material give a distinct advantage to the English woman in many respects.

"The American method of entertaining," says Lady Angela, "does not appeal to society on this side of the water, when it takes the form of freak dinners, or dances given in bowers of rare and expensive flowers; although of recent years we have adopted the Continental custom of dispensing hospitality from restaurants rather than our own homes, which does not make for economy."

The personal expenditure of a society woman, continues the English beauty, has greatly increased during the past twenty years. Where formerly one dress did duty for a whole season, a dozen would not be considered extravagant now. Moreover, the cost of every single article of clothing increases year by year:

"Even this season, with Directoire frock of scanty material, dressmakers are charging quite as much, as the difficulties of making justify them in doing so. A simple day frock of this description made by one of the well-known London firms generally runs into £25 to £30, and this with very little in the way of trimming.

"Mrs. Gould allows £200 a month for gowns and street dresses, reckoning the cheapest frock at £30. Over here it is quite possible to get a really smart tailor costume for sixteen or eighteen guineas, and a smart woman would have six or eight of these during a year.

"It is a very ordinary thing for a tailor's bill alone to amount to £1,000 a year, but this sum may include a fur motor coat at forty guineas or a travelling coat at twelve to fourteen guineas.

"The cost of evening frocks must be put down at £20 to £35, and petticoats of very ordinary design can not be had for less than £3 to £5 while blouses of lace and embroidery at five and seven guineas each is a very usual Bond-Street price.

"With regard to millinery, Mrs. Gould's allowance of £25 a month is ample if one does not go in for an osprey hat, as the new models of this description can not be had under eighteen guineas, while the simplest hat will be priced at three or four guineas.

"Shoes, slippers, and hosiery are expensive items, as the best bootmakers charge fifty shillings for simple slippers, and these not even made to order, while silk hosiery can cost anything from half a guinea upwards, according to design."

Lady Angela thinks that $125 a month to cover books, stationery, and music is absurdly high as is half that amount for fans, parasols, and opera glasses. "It is in these accessories that Mrs. Gould's list is extravagant, but this is perhaps because an American must have these things to enable her to make a show—a point of view that does not appeal to English women in society."

London also, it seems, is troubled by the few who gain by vulgarity the notoriety that is denied to them in more legitimate ways. Lady Angela says that there is a certain exclusive circle who do the same things year after year, spending the same amount on entertaining, dress, and travelling; while, again, there are others whose only chance of making themselves known is to entertain in a larger and ostentatious fashion, and pay exorbitant prices for frocks or hats for the sake of keeping their name in the columns of the illustrated society journals. It is these few who make it difficult for the less wealthy members of society to keep in the swim and yet make both ends meet.

Mrs. J. L. Parks, of Los Angeles, married at thirteen, has seventeen living children, nine of whom are caring for themselves out in the world and eight are now at home with her. She is now forty-eight, and has just been "investigated" by the children's humane society for speaking crossly to her brood.

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THE DRAMA

GEORGE ARLISS AS "THE DEVIL."

Next week the Fiske version of "The Devil," with Mr. Arliss in the title role, will be seen at the Royal Alexandra, and Toronto theatregoers will have an opportunity of comparing this production with that of the Savage company, headed by Mr. Stevens, which appeared at the Princess recently. Critics pronounce Mr. Arliss's interpretation to be unrivaled in distinction and subtlety.

AS a subtle, yet wholly absorbing play, "The Great Divide" is one of the most remarkable contributions to American drama. It ran for five hundred nights in New York, and when Henry Miller later on took it on the road for a brief season the people flocked to see it in record-breaking numbers. Mr. Miller will bring the New York cast and a new duplicate of the original production to the Princess Theatre next Monday for the entire week. He is making his last tour in the play before beginning work on a new project which will occupy him early in the spring in the West.

The story of "The Great Divide" is the eternally human one of the regeneration of a shallow nature by the faithful love of a deeper one. It is not the less true because the stronger nature is found in a rough-handed miner, and because the superficial one has the outward trappings of a highly civilized and charming woman. The first act contains a most dramatic situation. A sweet girl has been dreaming of her lover—one who will be different from the people she has always lived among. He comes, and she dimly feels that he is the man she has been waiting for always but it is years before she is able to free herself of the conventions by which she has been reared and penetrate to his true self. Before this, however she has married him. How that marriage is forced on her is told in the tensest moment in the play at the end of the first act. Stephen Ghent has been made "blind drunk and sun crazy" and he stumbles into the Arizona ranch house where the girl has been left alone, at the heels of two other ruffians apparently bent on crime. He is sobered by her purity, and when she offers marriage as the reward for her safety, he buys off and fights off the other two and takes her to the nearest Justice of the Peace. The rest of the play is taken up solely with Ghent's efforts to win the love of his wife's soul.

The second act is laid high up in the Cordilleras on the edge of a precipice. It is the mountain home to which Stephen has brought his bride. Below it lies a mine which has made him rich. The sixty-mile view along the top of an Arizona mountain range is an illusion which has rarely been equalled on the American stage. A huge painted cyclorama gives the clear, chromatic atmosphere of the Southwest with amazing accuracy. The adobe house down near the footlights and the Navajo blankets in the sandy yard, the pitiful flowers which have tried to bloom in the sandy soil and failed, the huge boulders in front and the succession of peaks which ripple off toward the level sands sixty miles away—the photographic stage picture of all this is an achievement in stage production.

* * *

"THE DEVIL," in which George Arliss is to make his first appearance in this city as a star, at the Royal Alexandra next week, is the original Fiske production over which the famous "Devil" controversy was raised. Harrison Grey Fiske is the foremost of the little band of managers who have maintained their independence of the theatrical trust. His professional enemies tried by every means in their power to back up those who disputed his claim to the sensational comedy, "The Devil." As to the actual merits of the case, it was decided by the association of theatrical producing managers that Mr. Fiske had a clear right to the play. The public took little interest in the question of rights, but gave an overwhelming verdict in favor of the superiority of the Fiske version and of Mr. Arliss' acting.

The race for the first production in New York city will be remembered as an exciting opening of the present theatrical season, but the reasons for the success of the play are deeper than managerial exploitation or theatrical sensationalism. A writer in Everybody's Magazine remarks that perhaps not one-fourth of the people in the average audience grasp the subtleties of "The Devil," nor understand its extraordinary cleverness. But they are profoundly impressed by it. Says this writer: "If you should ask a man of books about this play, he might tell you that the devil expresses Schopenhauer's doctrine of the blind, impersonal will, translated into highly dramatic form. From the very beginning you feel that the tempted wife and the artist, her girlhood lover, cannot escape, struggle as hard and earnestly as they may, because a force stronger than they is arrayed against them, a force personified in the polished, smiling man of the world—and by that term we mean, in Oliver Wendell Holmes' phrase, one who is familiar with all of the world's wickedness. It is a brilliant, superlatively clever conception, especially in these days of the Higher Criticism and advanced theology, which have tried to make the idea of a personal devil a mere myth, thereby robbing life of much of its picturesqueness."

* * *

Next week at Shea's Theatre the bill will be headed by the well-known favorites Clayton White and Marie Stuart, presenting Geo. V. Hobart's newest one act comedy entitled "Cherie." Other well-known acts on the bill will be the Josettes, the six American dancers, McWatters and Tyson, Lavine Cimaron trio, Jennings and Renfrew. The kinetograph will present new and interesting pictures.

* * *

The attraction at the Gayety Theatre commencing Monday matinee will be "Sam A. Scribner's Big Show." The specialty part of the show will include new turns by Bedine and Arthurr, The Brianza Trio, The Columbia Musical Sextette, Black and Raymond, Falardo, Leola Pearel, Maussey and Lorenz.

* * *

The Henry Miller Associate Players, in "The Servant in the House," whose phenomenal success at the Savoy Theatre, New York, is a matter of theatrical history, come to the Princess Theatre on February 1 for a week's engagement. This fine organization and Charles Rann Kennedy's now famous drama should be warmly welcomed here. "The Servant in the House," by those extraordinary qualities of thought, symbolism, originality, and dramatic intensity and that moral and spiritual uplift which characterizes it, caused New York and Chicago critics to call it variously the "greatest drama of the generation," the "most beautiful play of all ages," and "a work of art simple enough and sincere enough to touch the heart of the world." Mr. Kennedy's masterpiece comes here after having received the unqualified endorsement of supposedly anti-theatrical forces, church people, including the clergy, and the general theatre-loving public.

The cast to be seen here is exactly the same as seen at the Savoy Theatre, New York, including Edith Wynne Matthison, Walter Hampden, Tyrone Power, Arthur Lewis, Mabel Moore, Ben Field and Frank Mills.

* * *

"A Man and His Mate," the play at the Alexandra this week, is a crude melodrama; and it has superinduced at that house what is known as a frost. Hilda Spong has ability as an actress, but this piece gives her no opportunity to do either pleasing or convincing work.

* * *

James K. Hackett, supported by an excellent company, will appear at the Royal Alexandra in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Crisis," during the week commencing February 9. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was well received in New York this season. "The good, old, fine romantic drama," wrote William Bullock in The New York Press, "will always live, and there is no better play of that class than 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' It is to the romantic stage what 'The Three Muskateers' is to the romantic novel."

HENRY MILLER

As Stephen Ghent in "The Great Divide," coming to the Princess Theatre next week.

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THE other day the boss he says, says he:
"Could you use these two tickets, Joe, for me?"
I nearly faints as I switch round my gaze
On two half-dollar seats, that night's, for Shea's.
I just had sense enough to pipe up "Thanks."
When goin' home I hustled into Frank's
An' asked his prettiest sister would she go
That evenin' down with me to see the show.

You bet she would! So I skipped home an' dressed.
I look real nifty in my Sunday best.
An' when I stuck Dick's pin in my new tie—
A nice bright red one what had caught my eye—
I guess I must have looked a real live swell.
Mother she smiled, an' dad he said: "Well, well!"
Dick chased me, sayin': "Who you takin', kid?"
But I got to the door before he did.

An' then I went on down street to the girl's.
I had to wait until she'd fixed her curls.
She looked all right, though, when I told her so,
She laughed an' said: "Oh, don't be silly, Joe!"
Say, when I took her to a downstairs seat,
Right near the front, I had that Smith kid beat!
He often takes her to the roller rink,
But that ain't half so stylish, I don't think.

But this ain't telin' you about the show.
Well, first, two chaps on stilts, they had a go.
They jumped an' danced an' tumbled on them sticks,
An' hopped on one leg; an' all sorts of tricks.
When I have time, I want to see if I
Can't make a pair an' do 'em if I try.
Nex' thing a girl came out an' showed the way
That she would sing if she was Edna May.

An' how she'd do if she was three or four
More actresses, an' then a couple more;
An' she was all right at it, for a fact.
Then, after was a twenty-minute act,
With things all goin' crooked at the start,
But at the end he clasps her to his heart.
Then someone sang an' played; she made a hit.
She didn't need to watch them keys one bit.

An' then an ol' chap came out on the stage.
Say, he was awful funny for his age!
He talked just like a monkey an' a cat.
I wish that I could make a noise like that.
An' often he would take a great big drink
An' swallow it right down without a wink.
I'm goin' to practice that, an' I hope soon
That I can do it with my lunch at noon.

Then, after him a young chap had a chance
To show what he could do. My, he could dance!
When he got through a lot of Japanese
Did some hard stunts, as easy as you please.
(There's some of them that I think I could do.)
An' then, of course, the movin' pictures too.
But they ain't nothin' extra, for you might
See them for just a nickel, any night.
* * * *
That night I felt like I was really "it."
To-day things don't appear the same a bit.
I got to go an' sweep the office floor,
An' run on errands like I did before.
—Ashtar.

* * *

The story of the ups and downs of Eugene Walter, the young playwright, before he succeeded in getting his play, "Paid in Full," on the boards, has been told in SATURDAY NIGHT. The London Advertiser now adds something to the Canadian interest attaching to the tale. A Londoner, it seems, was among the many theatrical men who turned down the now famous play when young Walter, penniless and driven to park-bench accommodation at nights, was busy, literally for dear life, peddling his drama from manager to manager in New York. The Advertiser says:

It is not generally known that the manuscript was in the hands of Mr. C. W. Bennett, of London, head of Bennett's Theatrical Enterprises, and that that gentleman, after investigation, "turned it down." Mr. Bennett was in New York, when at his hotel one night, he was approached by Walter, and was offered the play for $500. It didn't look good to Mr. Bennett and the critics he showed it to, and was refused. Now the play could not be purchased for $100,000. Walters draws a royalty of $2,000 a week for it.

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SILVER COLLECTION

MUSIC

TWO large, enthusiastic audiences greeted the New York Symphony Orchestra, Miss Keyes, and the National Chorus last Monday and Tuesday, and were well repaid. Musically, the outstanding event was the first performance in Canada of Sir Edward Elgar's first "Symphony," under the sympathetic baton of Mr. Walter Damrosch. He and his men have evidently studied the score faithfully for they play it as though it had long been an important number in their repertory.

Mr. Damrosch in his introductory speech said that the more they played it the better they loved it. This is certainly the test of greatness—that familiarity should breed love and respect rather than contempt or indifference. By means of a miniature score and by reading all that I could find bearing on it, I endeavored to prepare myself for last Monday night, but I regret that I did not have the same opportunity that Mr. Damrosch and his band have enjoyed, because the first hearing failed to impress me as the first hearing of other symphonies have done, notably the "Tschaikowsky No. 6," which I also heard for the first time under Mr. Damrosch. I felt the earnest effort of the composer to write a work of the first magnitude. Many of the themes are beautiful and expressive; and all the opulence of modern orchestral resource has been lavished on their development, but I found myself more often marvelling at his ingenuity than gripped by his inspiration. Often I felt that a superlative moment was coming, one of those moments when "the meaning o'ermasters the metre," and, instead, a fine stroke of craftsmanship compelled my admiration for the way it was done. I am sorry that I heard "Land of Hope and Glory" the same night. I might have overlooked or looked deeper into the composer's strivings, but the man who will put his name to such banality cannot expect any charity in judging his big works. I know of no melody that Elgar has written that has much meaning when stripped of its orchestral finery. On the piano most of them are thin, even commonplace, but the central theme of the "Symphony" is the most sententious and compelling that he has written. Whenever it appears one feels that it will lead to the thrill which the begotten-not-made music gives the performer and the listener, but in my case it did not thrill.

Elgar has been praised by many for his reversion to the classic form, as a sort of follower of Brahms, but why he should be praised for taking a step backwards it is difficult to see. With the "Dream of Gerontius" he was hailed as a new voice, saying things after his own fashion—not a melodist, 'tis true, but one who had command of mass effects and who did big things broadly. And admitting that most of his vocal scores were unvocal, the world wanted to know what he could say with an orchestra freed from the incubus of a text. I felt as though I had been given a beautiful stone instead of the bread I asked for. However, I shall embrace the first chance to hear the "Symphony" again, and I hope I may hear it played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch. Mr. Damrosch always has a good band, but this is the best he has ever had.

It was a shame to waste such good orchestral material on Cowen's "Coronation March" and Elgar's "With Pomp and Circumstance." Any good military band would do them full justice, and even Mr. Damrosch failed to make them worth while.

The very laudable *raison d'etre* for the organization of the National Chorus—that of keeping the people of the colonies in touch with the musical life of the motherland—was not convincingly nor happily carried forward in this season's programmes. In their way Leslie's "Lullaby of Life" and Williams's "Pedlar's Song" are all right, and were very well sung by the Chorus, but Cowen has overelaborated Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," completely obscuring the central idea. It is one of those gems so complete in itself that any musical setting is a profanation. Even as a solo it would be marred, but when it is padded and expanded into a cantata, the crime is unpardonable. Miss Keyes sang the solo beautifully, with just the proper amount of sentiment—a little more and it would have been sentimental—and the Chorus was discreet and restrained in the little it had to do. The final consonant in sleep was not as well enunciated as one would expect after the fine object lesson they had from the Sheffield Choir, but the tone quality was satisfying, and the bass section, particularly, sang with subdued commendable sonority.

Of "The Flag of England" I would like to write at length, but it has been heard before and may never be heard again, so it may be dismissed with as few unkind remarks as possible. Sir Frederick Bridge heard Strauss's "Heldenleben" and Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," and then found some new ways to add to the din. He overlooked the steam siren, but it isn't missed. The vocal score should be arrested for assault and battery of the larynx. I would advise Miss Davies, who has a beautiful voice, to forego the excitement of singing the solo part if she cares to sing much longer. The effort to produce the notes as written left her no time nor strength to think of pronouncing the words. Even as perfectly produced a voice as Miss Keyes's would not stand the strain.

And now I have reached a subject on which I can enthuse—Miss Keyes, her voice and her art. Monday night I did not hear one tone that was not perfectly produced. The next night in "O Don Fatale" the top notes were not faultless, although they were not unpleasant. Miss Keyes fully merits all the success she has so quickly won, and I hope to see her at the top, doing the big things as beautifully as she does the smaller things now. She has charm, and that makes unmusical listeners enjoy music, and she has good ideals, and they make a good singer an artist. Her songs, with piano accompaniments charmingly played by Miss Morley, revealed her present *metier*, the English ballad. Her voice may not have tears in it, but its owner has excellent taste, and that is a fine thing in a singer. Barring a little forcing Tuesday night her vocalization was perfect.

The Orchestra gave us the "Scotch Symphony" of Mendelssohn and a theme and variations by Tschaikowsky, both of which they played beautifully. Mr. Saslavsky, the concert master, won a round dozen recalls for his artistic playing of the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." The Chorus had very little more to do on Tuesday than it had on Monday, but that little was very much better done. The Gounod motette, "Come unto Him," was the best thing among the choral numbers. With the exception of "The Flag of England," none of the choruses was very exacting, and that more from a vocal than a musical standpoint. I was rather surprised to find no large works, nor any small works of importance. As I said before, British composers were not shown at their best, and the works chosen were what one expects to find on the programmes of smaller and less pretentious societies. Dr. Ham has excellent material and I am sure the Chorus would respond to any demands made upon it as it has been most loyal and enthusiastic always.

* * *

ON the 25th Mme. Blanche Marchesi, who is heralded as one of the world's greatest song interpreters, and Miss Gertrude Huntley, the Canadian pianiste who captured Paris by her playing, will make a joint *debut* in Toronto at Massey Hall. The fame of Mme. Marchesi's mother would be enough reclam to arouse a desire to hear the daughter, but she comes with a well-established reputation founded on a number of successful appearances, and, while opinions differ as to her voice, all agree that her art is of the highest rank.

From St. Thomas, Ont., and the Conservatory in London, Ont., to Paris, France, is a far cry, but it is an accomplished fact, and now we are all desirous of hearing this home-produced artiste. Not the least of the evening's offerings is the return of Brahm van hen Berg, who was here earlier in the season with Calve and swept us all off our feet by his wonderful playing of the Mendelssohn Liszt "Midsummer Night's Dream." As an accompanist he is worthy to stand with the best.

* * *

TORONTO is to have another opportunity to hear an important work before the world at large has heard it. I refer to Emil Paur's recently produced "Symphony in der Natur," which was played for the first time on the 15th inst. in Pittsburg. The local and visiting critics hailed it as a master work, and this Toronto music lovers can easily accept, since we have such tangible evidences of his wonderful musicianship. Mr. Paur has arranged two programmes for Toronto that compel our admiration and gratitude. Mr. Fletcher is doing to his utmost to make the Schubert Choir a worthy companion for the Pittsburg Orchestra. He has fired his chorus with his own enthusiasm and nothing but an unforeseen calamity will prevent the joint concerts in February the best ever given in Toronto by the two organizations.

* * *

BY reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the Mendelssohn Choir Executive announces next Wednesday for the opening of the plan for reserved seats to subscribers. Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to subscribers for $2.00 seats; Friday, Saturday and Monday, February 1, to subscribers for $1.50 seats and Tuesday and Wednesday, February 2 and 3, for subscribers to the $1.00 seats. Ample provision has been made for all who have subscribed to the concerts. The programmes follow:

Monday, February 8th.—Orchestral numbers: Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Overture, Act I. "Forvaal," D'Indy; Dance of the Seven Veils from "Salome," Strauss; Love Scene from "Fire Famine," Strauss; Overture, "Donna Diana," Reznicek; Tableau Musical, "Baba Yaga," Liadow; and the "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner. For Chorus and Orchestra: Scene from The Bavarian Highlands, Elgar; Choral Monologue, "Song of Destiny," Brahms; "The Challenge of Thor," Elgar. For chorus unaccompanied: "Judge Me, O God," Mendelssohn; "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps," Faning; Motet, Psalm 137, Gounod; Hymn of Triumph, Tschaikowsky; and "In Winter" (for men's voices), Kremser.

Tuesday, February 9th.—For Orchestra: "Liebesfruhling," Georg Schumann; Symphony No. 6, "Pathetique," Tschaikowsky; Prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; "Capriccio Espagnol," Rimsky-Korsakow. For Chorus and Orchestra: The Choral Finale from The Meistersinger, Wagner; The Mad Fire Rider, Hugo Wolf; The Sanctus from the B minor Mass, Bach. For Chorus unaccompanied: Cherubim Song No. 3, Tschaikowsky; A Love Symphony, Percy Pitt; and an "Ave Maria Stella," by Greig.

Wednesday, February 10th, "Elgar Night."—Overture, "Cockaigne" and Cantata "Caractacus." Soloists: Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano; George Hamlin, tenor; Claude Cunningham, baritone, and Frederick Martin, bass.

Saturday, February 13th.—The Choir will be heard in a comprehensive programme of a capella works including: "Judge Me, O God," Mendelssohn; "Dear, Canst Thou Tell?" Brahms; Lullaby, Elgar; "Adoramus Te," Palestrina; "Crucifixus," Lotti; "By Babylon's Wave," Gounod; "In Winter," Kremser; Chanson of the 17th Century, arrd. by Dr. A. S. Vogt; "Hey Nonino," Brockway; "The Merry Bells of Yule," E. W. Naylor; "Bold Turpin," Bridge; and "A Love Symphony," Pitt.

The assisting soloist will be Miss Augusta Cottlow, the great American pianist, who will contribute Ferrucio Busoni's arrangement for piano of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major; Berceuse Op. 57 and Scherzo in C sharp minor, Chopin; Prelude in A minor and Claire de Lune, Debussy; and Polonaise, in E major, Liszt.

* * *

AT the Toronto College of Music on Saturday afternoon piano and vocal pupils of the Intermediate Grade gave the following programme: "Songs without Words, No. 10," Mendelssohn, Gladys Wees; "Staccatto Caprice," Vogrich, Edna McCorkindale; "The Promise of Life," Cowen, Madeleine Hunt; "Theme and Variations," Beethoven, Firenza Gilray; "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven, Albert Fall; "May Morning," Denza, Greta Harper; "Kammenoi-Ostrow," Rubinstein, Roberta Thompson; "Angel Land," Pinsuti, Nellie Harnett; "Nocturne in D Major," Chopin, Helen Davis; "The Flower Girl," Bivignani, Dorothy McMahon; (a) "Nachstuecke," Schumann, (b) "Mazurka in F Minor," Chopin, Dorothy Grahame.

* * *

THE night of the sixth of February Mr. Arthur Blight will give his annual recital in Conservatory Hall, assisted by Miss Caldwell, pianiste. Mr. Blight has always introduced some interesting novelties at his recitals, and this year his programme is particularly attractive. He is fortunate in having Miss Caldwell associated with him, as I consider her one of our most brilliant pianistes. Next week fuller details of the programme will be given.

* * *

MR. Wheeldon's last recital was the most interesting he has given. Both he and Miss Carter were at their best, and consequently the audience was well repaid. Miss Carter is so earnest that she is always interesting, and as she gains in poise through repeated appearances she is better able to express what she has so carefully worked out. This afternoon at four Mr. Wheeldon presents a programme with some striking novelties.

* * *

UNLIKE so many of our most gifted musicians who seek their fortunes in other lands, Mr. Russell G. McLean after a four years' search for the ideal has come home, and adds a potent factor to the forces already at work for the betterment of matters musical in Toronto. Mr. McLean first began his work with Dr. Ham at the Conservatory, and then left for New York, where his fine voice speedily won him recognition and several important engagements, especially interesting that of bass soloist at "The Little Church Around the Corner." Europe then called him, and he put himself under the care of Frank King Clark, the American teacher who to-day is the acknowledged leader of vocal pedagogy in Paris, if not in Europe.

MR. RUSSELL G. MCLEAN.

Taking advantage of the wonderful opportunities that Paris offers, Mr. McLean's advance was rapid and sure. He accompanied his teacher on an automobile tour through France and Germany, spending the summer in Bayreuth to hear the Festspiele, and he enjoyed the unusual privilege of being invited to Wahnfried, Wagner's home, by Frau Cosima Wagner. All these experiences are invaluable, and make Mr. McLean's decision to settle in his native city almost a patriotic sacrifice, as one who could have gained for himself such favors, need have nothing to fear in competing with any of the younger men. He will open a studio at 269 College Street, corner of Spadina Avenue, and is also open for engagements at concerts and musicales.

MELOS.

* * *

Miss Helen R. Wilson, of Toronto, has been appointed organist in Victoria Presbyterian church, West Toronto, and entered upon her duties at the beginning of the year. Miss Wilson, who is a pupil of Dr. Vogt and of Miss Jessie Perry, has already shown herself a musician of much more than ordinary ability, and the congregation of Victoria church have been fortunate in securing her services. A fine new Cassavant organ has recently been installed in the church.

* * *

Dr. Richard Burton, author, lecturer, and professor of English in the University of Minnesota, will be heard in Toronto this winter for the first time. As literary and dramatic critic, Dr. Burton is well known in journalism, and is also known as one of the most charming interpreters in literature. His critics say of his lecture-recital power: "He sees all art, not as a garment of life, but life itself." A rare treat is in store for those who will hear his interpretative recital of Booth Tarkington's exquisite creation, "Monsieur Beaucaire," and his talk on "Modern Romance" at the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression on Saturday evening, January 30th, at 8.15 o'clock.

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Feb. 25th, - Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Browning Readings.
Mar. 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
Mar. 25th - - - Mrs. Scott Raff. "Irish Drama."
These lectures are on Thursday evenings at 8.15, with the exception of Dr. Burton's which comes on Saturday evening, Jan. 30th. Course tickets (ten admissions) $3.00; Single admission 50c. Phone North 4544.

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St. Catharines is the mildest point in Canada during the winter months. For further information and all particulars apply to city office, northwest cor. King and Yonge streets.

"You must do your best," said Mrs. Psmith to the new cook. "My husband is very particular about the way his food is prepared." "Yessum," said the new cook, sympathetically; "ain't these men all alike? Now you take my husband; I never was able to cook anything to please him in all my life!"—Cleveland Leader.

Husband—Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once. Physician—I can't get over much under an hour. Husband—Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!—Harper's Weekly.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam." "What does he say?" "He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—The Bohemian.

ANECDOTAL

HERE is a story which will be appreciated in musical Toronto. A music-hall in a certain small city bore the unenviable reputation of possessing absolutely the worst band anywhere. On one occasion a "headliner" from a near-by metropolis had been promised by the management for a turn, and consequently the hall was packed to the doors. When, however, the time came for the celebrity to appear, instead of that eagerly awaited attraction the audience was astounded to see the agitated manager come before the curtain holding a telegram in his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I very much regret to inform you that the 'Great Stewart' cannot (hisses and catcalls) possibly arrive for at least half an hour. (Great applause.) In the meantime the band will play you a selection."

At this a dead silence followed, which was finally broken by a man in the gallery:

"Smitty, Smitty!" he shrieked. "Don't let the band play. We'll be quiet, honest we will."

* * *

SUPT. McLAREN, of San Francisco's system of public parks, was inspecting the work of restoring Union Square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis has been removed.

"I'm for heavin' this un out; it's a bum little bush," remarked a gardener with a brogue.

"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water, and it will grow as tall as you are."

"You're not very tall yourself, Mr. McLaren."

"Not extraordinarily so."

"I say, Mr. McLaren," reflected the gardener, thoughtfully, "did you ever try water yourself?"

* * *

IN the Senate barber shop at Washington one day two grave and reverend solons had met, when one asked the other:

"Did you ever study the faces of those waiting to be shaved here?"

"Not particularly," replied the second Senator. "Why do you ask?"

"Simply because it has just occurred to me," was the response, "that one may, from the expressions on their respective countenances, divide them into optimists and pessimists."

"Please particularize."

"The pessimist," continued the philosophic Senator, "is the patron who is waiting for six others to be shaved, while the optimist is the one distinguished by the appellation of 'next.'"

* * *

A YOUTH, whose devotion to the young woman of his choice has encountered many obstacles during his long courtship, recently sought her out with this apparently encouraging statement:

"I think it's all right now, Alice. I managed to get access to your father the other day, and while he wouldn't exactly give his consent, I rather imagine I've made some headway. He borrowed forty dollars of me. Surely he can't stand me off much longer after that!"

The young woman sighed. "Yes, I've heard about it," she said, "and I think you've made an awful mess of it. Father mentioned the forty dollars and remarked that I'd better give you up—you were too easy."

* * *

OLD MAN POTTS and his wife in their home in Tamarac township were sitting one evening "talking things over."

"Well," observed the Old Man, "I've spent a heap of money on my boy Bill's education, more'n nine hundred dollars jest to see him through college. And I ain't through yet. It shorely makes me sore to think of the money I'm wastin' on a boy who ain't got as much sense now as he had before he went to college."

"What's the matter, father?" asked Mrs. Potts. "Mebbe you're a little hard on Bill."

"No, I ain't, Mary," answered the old man. "Jest to show you—a little while ago I says to him I thinks it was going to rain to-morrow. What fool answer d'ye suppose he made me?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father."

"He begged my pardon!"

THE charm of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's negro dialect stories was greatly enhanced when she read them herself, as she used frequently to do in the early days of her fame, for charity and church entertainments. Her imitation of the negro dialect was excellent, and her small son, who was very proud of her accomplishment in this line, frequently boasted of it among the other children. Once, when some of his schoolmates were vaunting the accomplishments of their several mothers, he was overheard to declare:

"Well, my mother is smarter than any of yours. She can speak two languages."

"What are they?" demanded his companions.

"White and colored."

* * *

BOBBY had been so very lonesome for a while that he had begun praying that the Lord would send him a little brother. Every night before jumping into bed he had got down on his knees and reverently offered up his petition, and latterly, without departing in any way from his reverential attitude, he had ventured to suggest that he had been waiting a long while, and hoped that the Lord might graciously hurry matters along a little.

Whether it was in response to this suggestion or not is not known, but sure enough in about three days the little brother arrived, an eight-pounder, and to all other eyes than Bobby's a rather perfect specimen. Bobby looked at him with a critical air.

"Gee!" he ejaculated. "He's a great-lookin' thing, ain't he? Ain't got any hair, an' he ain't got any teeth! Why, pa, he ain't finished! I prayed the Lord to hurry him along, but I wasn't in any such darn hurry as that!"

* * *

UNCLE BILLY had taken his niece to see the races. She had never been to one before and was quite innocent as to the manner of betting, but she placed a bet on one of the horses in the first race.

There seemed to be trouble with the horse she played, for it turned and went in the opposite direction.

"Look, Nellie, your money is gone, for your horse has gone the other way," said her uncle.

"Oh, that is all right. Cousin Bob told me to play him both ways," replied his niece.

* * *

ONE of the most candid tributes the late Edwin Booth ever received was rendered to him on his last Southern tour by one who knew neither of his presence nor of his identity in the play. Mr. Booth told the story to his friend, Dr. John H. Girdner.

"We opened our engagement in Atlanta, Georgia, with 'Othello,'" said Mr. Booth, "and I played Othello. After the performance my friend, Mr. Malone, and I went to the Kimball House for some refreshment. The long bar was so crowded that we had to go around the corner of it before we could find a vacant space. While we were waiting to be served we couldn't help hearing the conversation of two fine-looking old boys, splendid old fellows with soft hats, flowing mustaches, and chin tufts, black string ties and all the other paraphernalia.

"'I didn't see you at the theatre this evening, Cunnel,' said one.

"'No,' replied the other. 'I didn't buy seats till this mawnin', and the best we could get were six rows back in the balcony. I presume, suh, you were in the orchestra.'

"'Yes, Cunnel, I was in the orchestra,' said the first man. 'Madame and the girls were with me. We all agreed that we nevuh attended a mo' thrillin' play. The company was good, too; excellent company. And do you know, Cunnel, in my opinion that d—d nigguh did about as well as any of 'em!'"

MR. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist, of Toronto, was in Lindsay one evening this week entertaining the people there with one of his illustrated talks. In this connection The Lindsay Free Press tells the following story:

It was some years ago, and Mr. Bengough was on his way to Haliburton with Mr. R. J. Moore, then of Fenelon Falls. The conductor on the train was the popular Mr. Hunter Gall.

"Is that Mr. Bengough?" asked "Dinny" of his companion.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the genial conductor, "I've got a great subject for him tonight. Let's get together."

Mr. Moore, Bengough and "Dinny" got their heads together. The brakesman on the train was—well it would be too bad to give his name—but, anyway, he was in the habit of dropping away from his train at Kinmount in the evenings, and while shunting and stoppages were going on there, he would have a pleasant time in social chat with a pretty young miss who lived near the station. The night before, the brakesman was so interested in his delightful occupation that—his train went off without him. On some excuse or another "Dinny," after telling the story, enticed the brakesman into the car, Bengough got a good look at him—and the rest was easy.

Arriving at Haliburton, "Dinny" let it be generally known that there was something special to be doing. The result was a packed house.

Many of the pictures given by the talented artist brought loudest applause, but the one that showed the brakesman in his smock and overalls and real as life itself, with the girl most comfortably close and his train most uncomfortably far away, and the trainman's face struggling between appreciation of the closeness of the one and dismay at the farness of the other—well this picture convulsed the house. The applause fairly warped the shingles on the roof, and the laughter shook the rafters.

And the poor brakesman had to stand it all. He was up in the gallery—with *another* girl.

When Bengough returned to Kinmount the picture was repeated at the entertainment in that place and the brakesman never heard the last of it.

* * *

LUCAS CLEVE, the novelist, tells of an old nurse who had a very pretty daughter. The girl met a millionaire broker at Broadstairs one week-end. The man proposed and they were married. An excellent match. Lucas Cleve saw the mother a short time after the wedding.

"Molly has done well, hasn't she?" she said.

"She has that, ma'am," said the old woman.

"Her husband is very rich, isn't he?"

"Rich! Save us, yes. Ye should see, ma'am, Moll's brougham, her coachman and footman, her motor-car and her diamonds and pearls. Oh, she lives high. Quite like the nobility and gentry, ma'am. Why, she strips for dinner!"

* * *

EH. B. writes to The London Spectator: "If it is not too late in the day to come forward with an anecdote of Milton, the following extract from an old family letter written in 1762 to my great-great-grandfather may interest your readers. The writer of the letter says (he was discussing Milton with his correspondent):

Possibly you may not have heard this anecdote concerning him: John Vallack, who I believe died after you came to Tavistock, told me it, and he lived in London in 1696. Milton, as you know, was blind. Charles the Second had the curiosity to see him and said, "God hath punished you for your malice, &c., to my father by taking away your eyesight." "Aye," says Milton, "but before I lost my eyes he lost his head."

"It seems to bridge the long gap of years to be reading a letter containing a first hand anecdote of Milton!"

* * *

"YOU can't see the leading lady now, she is busy in the dressing room."

"Is she changing her costume for the next act?"

"No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."

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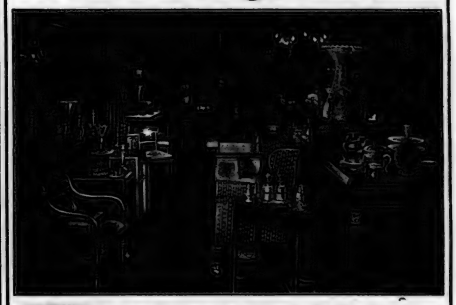

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Argonaut Club dance at the King Edward on Friday, 15th, was a distinctly club affair, and one realizes at such a dance the changes which time makes in social life, for only two or three of the former ardent supporters of this dance were present. The lady patronesses, with exception of Mrs. Eastmuir, who left a sick room to keep her engagement with the doughty oarsmen, did not put in an appearance at all, the contretemps of their absence causing some embarrassment to the committee. All the arrangements for the dance were excellently carried out, the music was good and the orchestra large, the floor in fine order and the stewards as attentive as they always are. Supper was served in the banquet hall, but not elsewhere, as stated, and the tables were unusually dainty and pretty with pink and red carnations, ferns and white blooms. Among the guests at this dance, the newly-wedded Major Barker, so long an Argonaut enthusiast, and his bride, who won all hearts, and looked very handsome in a dainty black lace gown, suiting her blonde type to perfection; Mr. James P. Murray, another old-time friend of the club, and his two daughters, Miss Mona in pale pink, the younger, Miss Hilda, in white with red ribbons; Mr. and Mrs. Will Lamont, the lady in white satin and Brussells point; Major and Miss Cosby and their guest, Miss Nita Hunt, of London, the two young ladies very handsome brunettes. Miss Grace McTavish, who was up for a few days from Colborne, visiting Mrs. Riordan, and must have been amused to see herself in some of the reports as a married lady and a patroness; the Misses Donna and Dottie Lamont, Mr. Fred Lamont, Major Cooper Mason, Miss Beatrice Ritchie, who looked very nice in a pale blue gown; Miss Irene Alexander in white satin, Miss Marjory Malcolm, a piquante brunette, in deep rose satin; Miss Lake, in cream, touched with gold and pale blue; Miss Winnie Eastwood, in white lace and pink ribbons; Miss Cosgrave was very handsome in pale pink and silver, Mr. and Mrs. Moody, the lady in primrose with flowers in the same tint on her coiffure; Miss Agnes Dunlop in white striped brocade, Miss Mabel Beddoe, very graceful and lovely in pale green; Mr. and Mrs. Kent, the lady in a white lace gown; Miss Eileen Kertland in pale pink mull, Miss Boehme in white satin, Miss Margaret George in white lace, Miss Anthes in pink with small pink wreath, Miss Lois Moyes, in a most becoming orchid tinted gown, Miss Henderson in pale blue and Miss Gladys Hogaboom in a short pink dancing frock. The men were nearly all club members, and included Mr. W. Ince, Mr. Harold Muntz, Mr. Jellet, Mr. Neale, Mr. Malcolm, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Kertland, Mr. Myles, Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Lindsay (Stanley Barracks), Mr. Duggan, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Barclay, Mr. Joliffe, Mr. Graham, of Montreal, and scores of other good dancers and loyal Argonauts.

The big musical events of the week on Monday and Tuesday evenings covered the National Chorus and Dr. Ham with glory, and they are a very well pleased aggregation in consequence. The orchestra gave us a treat long to be remembered in their playing of the Elgar symphony, and Mr. Damrosch did not say a word too much, when, in his apropos little speech of introduction, he confided to us how he and the players "adored" the masterpiece. Miss Margaret Keyes, who looked more girlish and winsome than ever, in primrose tissue, threaded with gold, sang in all her glorious sweetness of voice and earnest simplicity of manner, and received an armful of roses, with a happy smile that went straight to the hearts of her audience. Miss Davis, of Peterboro, Dr. Ham's beautiful pupil, sang so well that her teacher's gratitude is hers. The details of the programme do not belong in this column, rather the color impression and the touch of personal charm which go so far to arouse an audience to enthusiasm. The concerts drew those enormous crowds, to which we have become so accustomed that we do not realize their artistic import. A stranger viewing Massey Hall, on a concert night would have no hesitation in asserting that we love our music and our musicians. A few of the thousands on Monday night were Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Lady Whitney, Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. H., Mrs. and Miss Beatrice Ritchie, Mr. Finucane, Mrs. Warren, Mr. Douglas Warren, Mr. and Miss Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Miss Phyllis Moffatt, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor Young, Mrs. Lizars Smith, Mr. Home Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Davidson, Mr. Edward Greig, Mr. Walter S. Andrews, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Dyment, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Austin, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, the Misses Nordheimer, of Glenedyth. A box party included Lady Dollie Smyly, Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, Mr. Wheeldon, Mr. Stuart Greer and Mr. Longinness.

Mrs. James Mason and the Misses Mason have sailed for Southern Europe, by the Republic.

Mrs. J. B. Tyrrell has gone to Ottawa to visit Dr. and Mrs. Gibson. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones have accompanied the Senator to the Capital. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Miller are spending the week in Ottawa. Miss Crysler, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Sanford Smith.

Mrs. Frank Morgan gave a very pleasant bridge and supper on Monday night at her home in Madison avenue.

The Dental College At Home in Temple Building and Trinity College conversazione are two of the events to take place on January 28.

Lady Falconbridge has been on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Vincent Hughes.

On account of recent mourning, Mrs. Brouse was unable to entertain at her home for Miss Margaret Keyes, during her visit, even had the charming singer been free to enjoy the social pleasure which interferes with professional work.

Last Friday night several dinners, an amateur theatrical benefit performance at Margaret Eaton School, and a bright dance at Mr. Edward Gurney's home in Walmer road for Miss Gladys, interested young and old society people. The theatricals were greatly enjoyed and appreciated, for nothing amused society more than to watch their friends in artistic throes, and more or less ably succeeding in their efforts. No one who saw Mr. Agar Adamson, Miss Marjorie Edgar and two or three of the other clever people in the casts of the two plays presented had any doubt of their histrionic ability. "They did so very well" was what a critic assured me, for unhappily press of engagements prevented my seeing them. Mrs. Michael Chapman, one of the most charming and attractive of young matrons, recited two poems before the farce, "A Pair of Lunatics," was presented.

Mrs. and Miss Mabel Mabee left for Ottawa on Tuesday night. Miss Elsie Thorold returned to Montreal on Monday.

Invitations were out last Friday to the marriage of Miss Mary Bell Gzowski, second daughter of Mr. Gzowski, of Clovelly, Rosedale, and Mr. Gavin Lang Ogilvie, of Montreal. The ceremony will take place on Friday, February 5, in the Central Presbyterian Church, at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at Clovelly. The bride and groom will reside in Montreal, where an elder sister of the bride, beautiful Mrs. Fred Beardmore, has also resided since her marriage.

The Aura Lee Club's dance at McConkey's next Tuesday will be as usual a bright and successful affair. The following ladies will act as patronesses: Lady Clark, Lady Moss, Lady Mulock, Lady Falconbridge, Mrs. Jas. Edmund Jones, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Mercer J. Adam, Mrs. Robert W. Pentecost, Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Mrs. David Fasken, Mrs. J. Wilson Lawrence, Mrs. G. Egerton Ryerson, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. C. C. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham and Miss Ethel Mackenzie are going to Mexico shortly, the date of their departure depending on Mr. Mackenzie's ability to get through the mountains of business which always, so to speak, impede his plans of getting away from town.

The Tuesday concert of the National Chorus and New York Symphony Orchestra was to many the more enjoyable of the two, and the players and singers repeated their triumph, Miss Keyes being so vociferously encored, that the rule of "no response" was set aside by Dr. Ham, and Miss Keyes sang "The Four-Leaved Clover," in a very beautiful manner. She wore a glistening sequin robe, with a fillet of pale blue jewelled velvet in her hair, and received a sheaf of deep red roses after her first solo. On both evenings Miss Keyes visited Box B for a short while, and was very prettily gracious to the box parties assembled. She has been singing constantly since October 15, but her voice is as rich and fresh as can be. On Wednesday a luncheon at Fallingbrook was the brighter for her presence, when she sang several times for her friends. She enjoyed her little visit in Toronto with Miss Brouse very much, and all hope she will soon return. Among the large audience on Tuesday night were Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Miss Ina Matthews, Mr. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. Harry Symons, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mr. Finucane, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Colonel and Mrs. Galloway, Baron St. Elme de Champ, Dr. Hardy, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Capreole, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Dr. Thistle, Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, Mrs. Eaton and a group of young relatives, Miss Brock, Mrs. Heward, Mr. E. Wragge, Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton, Professor Young, of Trinity, Mr. Ellis, Mr. G. FitzGerald, Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald, Mr. Frank Blachford, Captain and Mrs. Fahey, Dr. and Mrs. McGillvray, Mrs. and Miss B. Smellie, Mrs. and Miss Keating, Mrs. and Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Healey, Mr. and the Misses Armour, Mrs. J. T. Boyd, Miss Boyd, Mr. Eric Armour, Dr. and Mrs. Welsman, Dr. and Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. G. Broughall, Mrs. Calderwood, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson and a large party from St. Margaret's College, and a box party including Mrs. Mabee, Sr., Mr. Lionel Mabee, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macdougall, Miss Lake and one or two others. After the concert Mr. Walter Damrosch said a few very nice and encouraging things to the chorus, and they were so pleased that they burst into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and finished up with three ringing cheers for the most delightful conductor that ever held a baton.

The Misses Phillpot gave a most charming daffodil tea for a large party of their girl friends at their home, 15 Howland avenue, on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Phillpot received, with one of her daughters and a bevy of bright girls assisted the other hostesses in the tea room. Mrs. Robert Gay, in a handsome light silk gown, poured tea, and Mrs. Ashe, aunt of the young hostesses, presided over the coffee urn. There were some very pretty not-outs, "semi-readys," as a saucy boy called them, and some recent debutantes, with a few more experienced belles, and they had a very jolly time. The tea table was quite lovely with delicate green sprays and vases of daffodils and lights softly shaded.

Mrs. Williams Beardmore received at Benvenuto on Tuesday and legions of smart women trammed, drove or motored out to see her. Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Grantham and the three unmarried daughters of the house were hostesses equal to any demands. The beautiful bride wore a soft white gown and looked a picture, the air of Acton evidently agrees with her, and she says she loves the country. Among the callers about five were Mrs. Mann, Mrs. R. J. Christie, who has recovered from her fall on the ice; Mrs. Geary, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord; Mrs. D. W. Alexander, the Misses Morrison, Mrs. Keating, Mrs. G. W. Allen, Mrs. Sidney Small, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Gilbert Griffin, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, and many others during the afternoon. There is to be a fancy dress ball at Benvenuto on February 5, to which invitations are out this week, and to which everyone is looking forward with great anticipation. As this will also be the date of the Gzowski-Ogilvie wedding it will be a red letter day in the gay world in Toronto.

Mr. Wheeldon's recital last Saturday was held in the Metropolitan while a snowstorm raged without, but despite the weather a large crowd assembled at four o'clock to hear a beautiful programme. Miss Madeline Carter sang twice, an oratorio solo and a very effective setting of a well-known hymn. Her voice and expression were most sweet and true, and those who enjoyed her singing called it a treat well worth hearing. Mr. Wheeldon played two "chimes" pieces, which everyone loves to hear, and a very clever set of variations on "The Last Rose of Summer," with the "Mignon Overture," and a Bach selection, and others, all of a high-class, and distinctly educative.

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Directors' Report.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

To Dividend No. 1 for six months, ending June 30th, 1908, 2%	$ 5,420 00	By Balance carried forward from last year	$22,089 99
" Dividend No. 2, for six months ending December 31st, 1908 (payable Feb. 1st, 1909), 2%	10,924 00	" Premium on Stock	5,024 10
" Balance carried forward to next year	28,794 36	" Net Profits for year, after deducting cost of management, etc.	21,024 27
	$48,138 36		$48,138 36

JAMES MUNRO, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation		$ 308,745 00
Deposits bearing interest	$1,005,809 61	
Deposits not bearing int.	414,172 33	
Interest accrued on deposit receipts	682 03	
		1,420,663 97
Balances due to other banks		693 70
Capital stock paid up		555,354 00
Unclaimed dividends		158 00
Dividend No. 2, payable Feb. 1, 1909		10,924 00
Balance of profit and loss account, carried forward		28,794 36
		$2,325,233 03

ASSETS.

Specie on hand	$ 7,225 48	
Dominion notes on hand	63,813 75	
	$ 71,051 23	
Notes and cheques of other banks	156,291 87	
Balances due from other banks	150,146 51	
Balances due from agents in Great Britain	9,550 51	
Balances due from foreign agents	14,448 49	
Deposit with Trust & Guarantee Co.	25,000 00	
Government, municipal, railway and other stocks and bonds	318,294 51	
Call and short loans on stocks & bonds	591,518 33	
Total available assets		$1,336,301 45
Current loans and bills discounted	786,600 44	
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)	12,122 62	
		794,723 06
Bank premises (including safes, etc.)		154,654 38
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation		15,000 00
Other assets not included above		24,554 14
		$2,325,233 03

W. R. TRAVERS, General Manager.

The following directors were elected for the ensuing year:—

Right Hon. Viscount Templetown, Honorary President; Colonel James Munro, President; W. R. Travers, Vice-President and General Manager; B. Gunby, W. G. Sinclair, Allan Eaton, A. Groves.

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Pat—Faith, an' phat is this foot 'n' mouth disease? Mike—Why, that's the thing that kilt the Dimmycratic party.—Chicago Tribune.

SOCIETY

LAST night the Toronto Canoe Club had their At Home at McConkey's, of which I shall give an account next week. On Thursday night Miss E. Vaughan Jenkins, of Oxford, England, gave a lecture with colored views entitled "Canada Illustrated by Canadian Artists," under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, in the Canadian Institute, too late for comment this week. Last night the Toronto String Quartette gave one of their dainty and artistic recitals in Conservatory Hall. Last evening St. Margaret's College was the *locale* of a delightful lecture from Professor Morning on "A Round Trip Through Germany," for which invitations had been out some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Andrews, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss C. M. Cawthra, and Mrs. A. C. Cawthra, are at the Majestic Palace Hotel, Nice, France.

Wednesday was a great night for dances. The Art Society of Varsity gave a dance in the Gym, the Toronto Amateur Athletic Club gave a very smart one in McConkey's, the Simcoe Athletic Club gave a dance in the Metropolitan, two sleighing parties ended with small house dances, and a delightful telephone dance assembled a small company of smart people at Sylvan Tower, when the beauty and spaciousness of that fine home were the admiration of all the guests. The T.A.A.C. young men had a valuable ally and supporter in Dr. Mackenzie, who was interested in the club, and helped the dance to success.

The Aura Lee Club dance at McConkey's on Tuesday, and the Trinity conversat on Thursday are events of the coming week.

Mrs. Mann entertained at luncheon at Fallingbrook on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, Miss Keyes being the guest of honor on the latter date, when covers were laid for fourteen, and the polished table was set with many handsome bits of silver and a centre of daffodils. The guests who lunched with Miss Keyes and afterwards had the great pleasure of hearing her sing some German and English songs, accompanied by Mrs. Blight, were Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Ethel Mackenzie, Mrs. McGregor Young, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Denison, Miss Brouse, Miss Marjory Brouse, and Miss Heloise Keating. A few friends came out for tea to Fallingbrook, among them Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Leonard Boyd, Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Scott Griffin and her aunt, Mrs. Macdonald. Miss Keyes left for New York in the evening, where she resides with a married twin-sister, and where she has been studying for years under Mrs. Hattie Clappin Morris, who has great reason to be proud of her brilliant pupil.

The annual dance of the Sigma Pi Fraternity was held on Wednesday evening, January 13, at the Metropolitan assembly rooms, which were tastefully decorated in blue and gold for the occasion. The hostesses were Mrs. Joy in black flowered net, Mrs. Strathy in black lace, Mrs. Van Nostrand in black sequin, Mrs. Ham in black silk and lace. Mrs. Acres wore white silk with silver embroidery, Mrs. Macpherson was in yellow mull, Miss Norris in white with yellow girdle, Miss Lowrie in white silk and pink roses, Miss Sait in yellow muslin, Miss McCausland in blue organdie and pink carnations, Miss Grange of Napanee in pink mull, Miss Gray of Port Credit in rose silk, Miss Lailey in white silk, Miss Van Denzer of Winona in blue organdie, Miss Hewson of Barrie in white with orange girdle and violets, Miss Millman in blue satin, Miss D. Tyrwhitt in white silk, Miss M. Strathy in Dresden silk, Miss Gibson in blue organdie, Miss Van Nostrand in pink muslin, Miss Gowans in white satin, Miss A. Tyrwhitt in pink eolienne, Miss N. Cowdry in blue silk organdie Miss Kewin in pink silk and roses, Miss Joy in white silk and roses, Miss Bruce in pink silk and roses, Miss McLean of Orillia in pink satin, Miss Wedd in blue organdie, violets and lily of the valley. The fraternity men proved the best of cavaliers.

Mrs. J. P. Langley leaves for the West Indies to-day.

A brilliant and appreciative audience filled the pretty Greek theatre on North street on Friday night on the occasion of the Amateur Theatricals given in aid of the West End Creche and the Women's Work Bureau. Mrs. Michael Chapman in a graceful pink satin dress opened the performance by two short recitations, which she gave in a very pleasing manner. Miss Marjorie Edgar in "A Pair of Lunatics" showed dramatic talent, particularly in her rendering of "Ophelia." Between the two plays Mrs. Stewart Houston sang with her old time vim and beautiful intonation, accompanied by Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, who looked particularly well in a gown of old gold satin. "Ici on parle Francais," an old but most amusing farce, was played with much spirit, and everybody joined in the fun. The performance no doubt realized a good sum for the two deserving institutions.

The Hon. G. W. Ross and Mrs. Ross left for Ottawa on Monday, and expect to be at the Hotel Cecil for the session. Dr. Ross is making good progress to recovery in the General Hospital.

Miss Margaret George has gone to Ottawa for the opening of Parliament and the drawing room, and will be the guest of Mrs. Mayno Davis.

The cold weather and the snow have hurried up a number of skating and snowshoeing parties, and gay groups in tuques and sweaters, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes, are boarding trams in every direction en route to their pet sports.

Mrs. Joseph Macdougall gave a small tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Isabel Ryerson and her *fiance*, Mr. Maybee, of Brandon, who is visiting in Toronto.

The *bal masque* at Benvenuto takes place on Tuesday, February 2, not on the fifth as elsewhere stated.

Mrs. Charles Worsley, 90 Walker avenue, received on Thursday afternoon, and Mrs. Walter Kingsmill received with her.

The announcement made elsewhere that Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Rogers would entertain at bridge was a mistake.

Mrs. Geo. A. Bingham, 68 Isabella street, will receive on Monday, January 25, and not again this season.

Messrs. B and H. B. Kent, 144 Yonge street, the well-known high grade Diamond and Jewelry House, are holding a short 15-day "before stock-taking sale," and giving special cash reductions of 20 per cent. and over off the plain marked prices of everything contained throughout their magnificent stock. They report a very satisfactory patronage and judging by the daily sales the shopping public are taking due advantage of their extraordinary discounts.

Even Suppose.

EVEN suppose that I could forget
What you were, I should know you yet;
Even suppose (and my hope is this)
That, bathed in the tides of an exquisite bliss,
Your face has lost, through those cloudless years,
The lines of trouble, the stain of tears,
I shall see it then, as I see it yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.

Even suppose I might choose to be
Friend of an Angel, it seems to me
Heart's choice is once, though the flesh forget;
Not knowing why, I should choose you yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.

What will it be that will make you known?
I claimed you once; you are still my own;
A kiss, perhaps, that I left on your cheek—
Where all is spirit, will kisses speak?
Dead or living, I love you yet,
Even suppose that I *could* forget!

—E. M. Hewitt, in The Pall Mall Magazine.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine'?" asked Mr. Malaprop. "Not much," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "One is a cinnamon of the other."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

MUSSEN—At Yusspensky, Southern Siberia, the wife of Arthur K. Mussen, of a son.

GRAY—At Hamilton, Jan. 17, 1909, the wife of Frank A. Gray, of a son.

McCLURE—At Wilkie, Sask., Jan. 5, 1909, the wife of Dr. R. A. McClure, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BETHUNE-MANN—At Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, B.C., Jan. 6, by Rev. Archdeacon Scriven, Marion Constance, daughter of the late J. Mann, Esq., of St. Thomas, to Reginald Alexander Bethune, Mgr. of the Imperial Bank of Canada, Kamloops, B.C., youngest son of the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, Guelph, Ont.

WOODS-MASON—At the Metropolitan church, Toronto, Jan. 12, 1909, by Rev. Geo. A. Mitchell, B.A., uncle of the bride, and Rev. Dr. Cleaver, Bertha Luella, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Percival L. Mason, to William Blakeney Woods, son of Mr. J. W. Woods.

DEATHS.

WATERS—At Hollywood, Cal., Jan. 16, 1909, Driffield S. Waters, son of the late Thomas Waters, Esq., of Windsor.

CORNELL—In New York, Jan. 15, 1909, Ethel Edyth Reid, wife of Walter P. Cornell.

JONES—At Ottawa, Jan. 16, 1909, Arthur F. H. Jones, Mgr. Traders Bank, formerly of Guelph.

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited
55 YEAR'S GROWTH IN MERCHANDISING.

Our Annual White Sale Still Continues

The large number of people who are here every day for our popular White Goods Sales is a striking evidence of a full appreciation of our efforts to furnish savings in needed merchandise without the sacrifice of quality. Quality is idealized in our White Sale. Take the underwear for instance, such beautiful, dainty, carefully sized and finished garments, just the kind the most critical woman would choose if prices were regular. The same peerless quality distinguishes all other offerings in our January White Sale. We're proud to sell such goods and prouder still of our ability to price them so low.

French hand-made, hand embroidered night gowns, low neck, slip-over gowns, dainty embroidered yokes with pretty fancy sleeves. Special prices from $5.00 upwards.

Hand-made drawers in open or closed style, hand embroidered with plain or fancy frills, some with val. lace and trimmed with ribbons, regular $3.50 to $5.00. Special to clear, per pair $3.00

United Empire Bank of Canada

Report of the Directors

Submitted to the Shareholders at the

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

Held at the Head Office of the Bank on

WEDNESDAY, 20th JANUARY, 1909

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the accompanying Statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the year ending 31st December, 1908.

The business for the year shows marked improvement. Deposits have increased by over fifty per cent. (50 per cent.). The Branches are all making encouraging progress; several Branches, however, are not yet self-supporting, and it has not been deemed wise to open any new offices during the year.

A Dividend of one per cent. for the past three months, has been declared, payable 2nd January, 1909.

The Head Office and Branches have been carefully inspected, and the Officers have discharged their duties satisfactorily.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

SAMUEL BARKER, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT 31st December, 1908.

Provincial Government taxes paid	$813.21	Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1907	$150.34
Dividend No. 1	5,017.92	Net Profits for year ending 31st December, 1908, after deducting expenses of management, interest paid and accrued on deposits and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	15,803.59
Balance carried forward at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1908	10,122.80		
	$15,953.93		$15,953.93

LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation		$129,315.00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest to date)	$320,554.56	
Deposits not bearing interest	$92,208.94	1,312,763.50
Due to Banks in United Kingdom		180,776.62
Drafts drawn between Branches, outstanding		28,387.98
Dividend payable 2nd January, 1909		5,017.92
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1908		10,122.80
		$1,566,383.82
Capital paid up		501,792.00
		$2,068,175.82

ASSETS.

Specie and Dominion Government Notes		$35,636.71
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation		12,000.00
Notes of and cheques on other Banks		45,610.39
Balance due from other Banks in Canada	$292,241.26	
Balance due from other Banks in United Kingdom and United States	19,768.09	$12,009.35
Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks		175,000.00
Call loans on stocks and bonds in Canada		111,650.00
Current loans and discounts		1,359,596.88
Overdue debts (loss provided for)		58,172.87
Office furniture, safes and vaults, etc., at Head Office and Branches		56,426.73
Other assets not included under foregoing heads		2,062.89
		$2,068,175.82

GEO. P. REID, General Manager.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

There was a fairly large attendance of Shareholders. Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., President, occupied the chair, and Mr. George P. Reid, acted as Secretary.

The President dealt at some length with the Statement presented, with the business of the year, and the prospects of the future, and upon his motion, seconded by Mr. Bennett Rosamond, the report was unanimously adopted.

The usual vote of thanks was tendered to the President, Directors and Officers.

The Scrutineers reported the following gentlemen elected as Directors: Samuel Barker, Esq., M.P.; Mark Bredin, Esq.; T. Willes Chitty, Esq.; Geo. A. Clare, Esq., M.P.; E. E. A. DuVernet, Esq., K.C.; Lt.-Col. F. T. C. DuVernet; Rev. T. C. Street Mackles, D.D.; M. McLaughlin, Esq.; S. Stanley Marling, Esq., J. P.; Bennett Rosamond, Esq.; William J. Smith, Esq.

At a subsequent meeting of the new Board of Directors, Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., was elected President.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Thirty-seventh Annual Meeting
Held 18th January, 1909

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

The Directors beg to submit their Annual Report to the Shareholders for the year ended 30th November, 1908.

The Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1907, was		$217,949 79
The profits for the year ended 30th November, 1908, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are		360,308 40
Premium received on new Stock		2,500 00
		$580,758 19
From which have been declared four quarterly dividends, in all 10 per cent.	$247,161 00	
Carried to Reserve Fund from Premium on new Stock as above	2,500 00	
Written off Bank Premises	25,000 00	
Allowance to Ex-President authorized by Shareholders	5,000 00	
		279,661 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$301,097 19

WM. GIBSON,
President.

Hamilton, 14th December, 1908.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC.

Notes of the Bank in circulation		$ 2,384,342 00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	$21,193,968 03	
Deposits not bearing interest	4,589,423 06	
		25,783,391 09
Balances due to other Banks in Canada and the United States		59,218 99
Dividend No. 78, payable 1st December, 1908	$ 61,821 50	
Former Dividends unpaid	246 50	
		62,068 00
		$28,289,020 08

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

Capital Stock	$ 2,472,860 00	
Reserve Fund	2,472,860 00	
Amount reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted	75,000 00	
Balance of profits carried forward	301,097 19	
		5,321,817 19
		$33,610,837 27

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	$ 558,714 44	
Dominion Government Notes	3,379,771 00	
	$ 3,938,485 44	
Deposit with the Dominion Government as Security for Note Circulation	125,000 00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	1,505,360 38	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States	776,912 12	
Balances due from Agents of the Bank in Great Britain	173,933 17	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	377,513 41	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, or Foreign, or Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	3,189,756 27	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	785,017 07	
Loans at Call, or Short Call, on negotiable Securities	1,775,994 28	
		$12,647,972 14
Notes Discounted and Advances current		19,023,603 91
Loans to other Banks in Canada secured		254,417 16
Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for)		95,725 36
Bank Premises		1,283,173 00
Office Furniture, Safes, etc.		119,619 01
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc.		116,314 39
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads		69,512 30
		$33,610,837 27

J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

Bank of Hamilton,
Hamilton, Nov. 30th, 1908.

There was a large attendance of Shareholders, and the Hon. Wm. Gibson, President, occupied the chair, and Mr. J. Turnbull, General Manager, acted as Secretary. The Chairman made a full reference to the history, position and prospects of the Bank, and concluded by moving the adoption of the Report, which, seconded by Col. the Hon. J. S. Hendrie, C.V.O., was carried.

The usual votes of thanks were given to the Directors and the Officers, and the following Board was elected:—

Hon. Wm. Gibson, J. Turnbull, Col. the Hon. J. S. Hendrie, C.V.O., Geo. Rutherford, Cyrus A. Birge, C. C. Dalton and W. A. Wood.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board, Hon. Wm. Gibson was re-elected President and J. Turnbull Vice-President.

A Prisoner.

BRAVE deeds encircled him round about,
But he sate and wished in his Castle of Doubt.
The pageant hastened along its way,
He witnessed the doings, day by day,
He knew there was place for the striver bold,
He harked to the tales of fame and gold,
He yearned in the field to break a lance,
He dreamed—and waited (ah, me!) a chance!
Waited, lamenting his walls so stout;
Self-immured in his Castle of Doubt.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in New York Sun.

At the leading poultry shows throughout the country a hen called "Peggy" is being exhibited. This hen is supposed to be worth $10,000. We have no good reason to doubt this statement. At the present price of eggs, even an old barnyard fowl that is doing anything at all for her country is a pretty valuable piece of property. It is no longer a goose, but a hen, that is laying golden eggs. —Judge.

Mrs. Harriet O. Berg is the first woman to make an aeroplane ascension, and declares that the experience was a very pleasant one, she having gone up with Wilbur Wright. She is an English woman, but has spent many years in the United States. The flight was made at Le Mans.

One evening E. H. Sothern was having supper with some friends when a young woman in the party remarked, impressively, "Mr. Sothern, I am going to write a play."

"I would, by all means," returned the actor, encouragingly. A short pause, "Everybody does," he added, softly.—Harper's Weekly.

At Washington before the Ways and Means Committee of the 60th Congress of the United States, "Salada" Tea was spoken of as the "King of Teas."

Automobile Topics

PEOPLE in Paris appear to be tiring of their great, cumbersome automobiles—good for travelling along country routes undoubtedly but thoroughly out of place in crowded city thoroughfares.

It is out of the question to suggest widening the streets, but it would be easy enough to reduce the size and width of the huge limousines and other railway carriage-like arrangements that fly along the Paris thoroughfares, detrimental to health, life and unfortunate roadways unequal to the strain of supporting such weights.

The roads are being or have been relaid to a certain extent, but next year it will have to be done over again, says The Lady's Pictorial, and every twelvemonth it is more than probable the municipality will have to pay road laying expenses. Accordingly we may soon see a radical change in the appearance of the automobile for city use. The heavier vehicles will be stabled for summer usage only or touring, while the lighter carriages will serve daily for visits, shopping, theatre, business rounds or pleasure bouts.

* * *

The New York Sun says that automobiles have been steadily gaining the favor of municipal officials since heads of various city departments began using them several years ago, but it was not until this winter that the government of New York city could be induced to take any official notice of the annual automobile shows in this city. Motorists were much gratified when the acting Mayor opened the Grand Central Palace show on New Year's eve, though the President of the French Republic opens the Paris automobile salon every year and various other dignitaries have for years opened the other national shows of Europe. J. N. Adam, Mayor of Buffalo, has gone further than any other American mayor has done before in his commendation of the automobile.

* * *

In noting that motor trucks save money, an exchange says:

As the crossing policeman's whistle sounds the heavy motor truck starts smoothly forward, while the hoofs of the horses of a big dray strike sparks on the pavement. In fact, the motor truck steals a lead, like a ball player, and "goes down with his arm" before the whistle shrills. In the crowded traffic the smaller motor driven delivery wagon, short of base, weaves in and out through the heavier and clumsier vehicles.

Some interesting data have been compiled which show comparative costs of horse drawn and motor driven wagons, and according to System, bring out certain advantages of the motor truck.

It cost twenty-four owners of ninety-six horse drawn vehicles $1,392.74 annually for trucking. On a similar total charge basis it cost forty-three owners of ninety-four motor driven wagons $2,237 a year. In both cases annual expenses for vehicles of all capacities were averaged.

Whereas the cost a vehicle mile and a ton mile for the horse owners was respectively 20.4 cents and 31.7 cents, the motor car owners paid 16.4 cents a vehicle mile and 11.7 cents a ton mile for hauling their goods. In other words, the motor truck went further and carried more for each cent spent than did the horse drawn vehicle.

* * *

The New York correspondent of The Argonaut, of San Francisco, in writing about the big motor car shows in New York this month, indulges in this interesting comment on automobiles and chauffeurs:

Seriously, the natural development of this important element in civilization is along the lines marked out by the profit-seeking manufacturer. Just now he is more interested in problems of greater and more reliable power, of ease of management and economy of maintenance, than he is in the reduction of prices. Later, the purchaser who can not afford the highest-priced luxuries will benefit by the experiments which the demands of the lavish rich induce. There are now at least three hundred million dollars invested in automobiles in this country—not a big amount when the industry is fairly considered. During 1909 American manufacturers expect to turn out 75,000 machines, and they assert the production will not overstock the market. And best of all, the makers themselves are amazed at their success in perfecting the machinery. They now make a car that is faster and more dependable in all exigencies than was deemed possible three years ago.

Motor-car owners, however, will look in vain at these exhibitions for a much needed invention. It is a "joy-ride" preventive. The joy ride is a surreptitious outing, participated in by the chauffeur and one or more friends, while the owner supposes his car is safely in the garage. More than half the automobile accidents are the results of joy rides. Aside from damages to the cars, there are often serious consequences. Chauffeurs are demoralized by the practice. They fall into bad company; they lead others into bad company. The rides are most often at night, and dangers multiply in darkness, even in this era of arc lights. There is no greater menace to the morals of the young women of the cities than the temptations put before them by irresponsible and vicious drivers of motor cars. It is probable that the public knows little of the possibilities—the actual use—of this alluring path to destruction.

More than an attempt to prevent pecuniary loss is to be recognized in the efforts now being made by the Automobile Club of America to secure a legal ruling on the question whether a chauffeur who takes his owner's motor car out of the garage without permission may be considered guilty of larceny. He uses up the motive power of the car, the lubricating oil, and subjects the tires to damaging wear and tear. Several cases are now before the courts, presented by the club, and it is hoped to establish the contention. There have been convictions under the charge of larceny in some instances, where actual felonious intent could be proved, but in the great majority of cases this feature is wanting.

Judge Foster in general sessions recently sentenced a driver charged with larceny to three months in prison. It was alleged in the trial that the chauffeur merely "borrowed" the car, but the judge held that he deprived the owner of its use and consumed the axle grease. So that the question might be passed upon by a higher court, Judge Foster has granted a certificate of reasonable doubt. Another case came up before Judge Malone, and in his charge to the jury the court said: "In cases of this kind, where a chauffeur takes his employer's automobile from the garage and uses it, the law does not say that the intent must be to keep the property forever. Suppose an automobile is in the garage, where it is reserved for the comfort and use of its owner. The chauffeur takes the motor car out at night without his employer's permission and uses up the motive power and lubricating fluids and wears out the tires. Isn't that larceny? And if this use and wear and tear is not larceny, isn't it high time that it was so defined, legally? If you believe the owner of this machine was deprived of it for only ten minutes, you may convict the defendant of larceny."

The Song of the Plumber.

HEIGHO! for the chilling winds
that blow! Heigho! for the frosty nights!
Heigho! for the weather "two below"
and the wind that nips and bites!
Heigho! for the days I'll shortly
know, when the plumber gets his rights!
Then here's to the plumber
Come, drink a drop;
And here's to the tools
I leave at the shop;
And here's to the pipes
That burst for me,
And the time when the plumber
Will happy be!

Heigho! for the hurry calls I'll get!
Heigho! for the task that's mine!
Heigho! for the bathroom soaking
wet, a plight that I count divine.
Heigho! for the tools that I will forget! Heigho! for the busy sign!
Then here's to the plumber,
The plumber bold!
Here's to his solder,
And here's to his gold.
And here's to the pipes
That will burst some day;
Heigho! for the plumber
That all must pay.

—Puck.

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."—Exchange.

Wiggles—I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? Waggles—Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.—Life.

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play? Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a White Wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

"Please read to me!" you asked as a child.
"Please play for me!" you ask as a "grown-up."

BUT how much wider was your reading, how much more extensive your familiarity with the masterpieces of literature and the current popular writings of the day, and above all,

How much greater was your enjoyment and satisfaction when, at last, you were able to do your own reading!

The same is true of music, only in a much greater degree.

You are able to do your own playing on

The Gourlay-Angelus

The Piano *anyone* can Play *Artistically*

OF course, no one wants to play *all* the available music. No single individual would be interested in *every* composition. Musical tastes are too varied, even in the different members of the same household. The point is, that with this tremendous repertoire—classic, popular, operatic, dance, sacred—every conceivable taste, every changing mood even, can be amply satisfied through the Gourlay-Angelus.

And above all, you will enjoy the intense satisfaction of doing your own playing in your own way.

You can now have this wonderful instrument on very easy terms or we will make you a liberal allowance on your present piano and take it in exchange. But whether or not you are ready to purchase you should make it a point to hear this instrument at your first opportunity. Come in today and play it yourself. No obligation.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 Yonge St., - - TORONTO

MONTREAL CARNIVAL

—OF—

WINTER SPORTS

February 10th to 20th

The Carnival Committee has issued 5,000 copies of the new Ice Palace and 5,000 copies of the Toboggan Slide. These are fine half-tone engravings 18 x 24 and make a beautiful pair to frame or send a friend as a Canadian Souvenir.

Both put in roll, price $1.00.
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Without music your home can never be complete. To know music—good music—is to-day as generally expected as to know good books.

For *one* investment—made *now*—you enlist this, the greatest of all teachers, for all the household at once. By *actually playing* they learn to appreciate—to distinguish the fine work of the great composers.

Let us tell you for what a reasonable investment you can secure this perfect instrument which plays the whole eighty-eight notes of the keyboard.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

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What Canadian Editors are Saying

In London, Ontario, some citizens say they saw an airship passing over the city. The airship now fills for inlanders the long-felt want that the sea-serpent supplied to the inhabitants of lakeside resorts.—Kincardine Review.

* * *

The Meredith family of this city, in a characteristically unostentatious way, have rendered the citizens a signal service in the provision of the funds necessary to establish and to equip and furnish a free medical dispensary at Victoria Hospital. This is not the first among noteworthy gifts received at the hands of a family in whose distinguished sons the city has itself been honored.—London Free Press.

* * *

R. L. Borden wants to know why the Intercolonial cannot be made to pay under government control. This was a question that was often asked by the Liberals when the Conservatives were running the show.—Calgary Herald.

* * *

The cities of London and St. Thomas and the town of Port Stanley during the recent Ontario municipal elections voted in favor of the Sunday street railway services, thus imitating larger communities. There has been a great falling away of late years from the old Puritan standards. Soon Ontario may have to confess that it is not much better than Quebec.—Montreal Gazette.

* * *

People who really want local option have it. They have the option of taking a drink or leaving it alone. It must not be too hastily concluded that because the bylaw was defeated anybody will be compelled to drink intoxicating liquors against his will. —Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

* * *

It is said that our own Fred Cook has abandoned Canadian politics for good and is once more going to be nothing but a "blooming Englishman." We don't believe it. One of these days the ex-mayor will be offering another three thousand to the Conservative campaign fund, and himself to boot. But seriously, the London Times has got hold of just the man best fitted by experience and ability to place its Canadian news service upon a proper footing. It won't be Cook's fault if Canada is much longer misrepresented in the columns of the English press.—Ottawa Free Press (Liberal).

* * *

It will surprise many to know that there has been practically no increase of population in the United States during the past year through immigration.

At a meeting of the United States cabinet the other day Secretary Straus presented official figures showing that the total net addition to the population of the United States by foreign or alien immigration between September 30, 1907, and October 1, 1908, was only 6,298, and that this number should be reduced by deducting the number of naturalized Americans who took up residence abroad.

The actual number of aliens who arrived in the United States during the specified twelve months was 724,112, and the number of aliens who departed from the United States during the same period was 717,814. Secretary Straus reported that in his opinion the figures of immigration into the United States during late years have been 48 per cent. higher than the facts warranted.

The reasons for this are many, but chief among them are the greater attractions which Canada offers to the immigrant on this continent and the paucity of good arable land available for settlement in the United States.

While the diminishing birth-rate in the United States in relation to its population is undoubtedly a factor that affects the statistics as well as the strictness with which the regulations as to pauper and diseased immigrants are enforced at United States ports, still the greater desirability of Canada as a field of immigration and the greater opportunities offered in its fertile west unquestionably provide the real explanation of the statistical statement laid before the United States cabinet.—Winnipeg Telegram.

* * *

The proposal that seats in the Senate should be hereditary does not meet with our approval, but if you could make the indemnity infectious it would be a popular thing.—Kincardine Review.

* * *

Only a few days ago Mr. Hays said the Pacific would soon be a formidable competitor for the grain business. And already the Canadian Pacific is making rates designed to send Alberta's grain to Europe by way of Vancouver. We in the east will have to think up new sorts of work, pretty soon, or go west.—Montreal Herald.

* * *

An eastern paper speaks of Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux as "a rising man." We incline to the opinion that the postmaster-general has already risen. A gentleman who can out-taffy the Japanese and give his indorsement to Mr. John Bull's claim for a standing among the nations, is not only rising, but he is up and dressed and ready for business. It is impossible not to admire this genial, tactful, good-looking French-Canadian. Some of us may be disposed at times to say "confound his politics," but we will all join in declaring that he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.—Victoria Colonist (Conservative).

* * *

John Lorn McDougall earned in his lifetime the esteem of all those Canadians who value fidelity in service. He enjoyed, it is true, a conspicuous opportunity for the display of those square-framed virtues which are essential to the discharge of the real duties of the auditor, for he was the first of the Canadian Auditors-General. In his own person he must have had much to do with the shaping of the plan upon which the Audit Act came to be put in operation. His memory, then, will be apt to live as that of the original interpreter of the Audit Act and its first administrator.

It is not necessary to recall the fact that during his incumbency he came to be known as the "watch dog of the treasury." He was in politics a Liberal of the staunchest in early life. He sat in both the Dominion Commons and the Ontario Assembly as member for Renfrew, and was appointed to the Auditor-Generalship by Alexander Mackenzie in 1878, just before Mackenzie made his fruitless appeal to the people.

He was one of the biggest Canadians. He set for governments a standard of regularity in expenditure, to which if all governments would adhere, we should have fewer questionings as to the ultimate value of representative institutions. He had honesty, clarity of vision, courage and great patience. The Canadians owed him in life a great debt and owe his memory the tribute of the most sincere regard.—Ottawa Journal (Conservative).

* * *

A very sensible editorial appeared in last night's Whig, having to deal with party exactions in Kingston, and with the demands made upon a newspaper by men who expect the party to sacrifice itself for them or for their political cause. It is a very singular thing that in Kingston the impression seems to be in the minds of some men that a newspaper is made to be "used," that it has not a mind of its own, and that it must perforce do exactly what this, that and the other one wants it to do. We do not know how this opinion sprang up, because it is so absolutely an erroneous one that any self-respecting newspaper—and the Standard counts itself one, as we feel sure the Whig also counts itself—would not stand for such a thing for an instant.—Kingston Standard.

* * *

Ontario butter makers may have to "get a move on" if they are not to be outdone by the Siberians. Commissioner Ruddick tells the dairy convention at Brantford that the export from Siberia is now only exceeded by the Danish, and has become a menace to the Canadian output. The railway there has opened up a great dairying region, where the peasants live primitively, and are able to make butter at a price ruinous to the Canadian industry. The one hope is in the quality. Canada by improved methods and uniform conditions may preserve her position, not otherwise.—London Free Press.

* * *

While it may be technically correct to speak of Emperor William's reign, it would be descriptively more correct to refer to it as a wind-storm.—Herald and Presbyter.

Autumn in the Garden.

WHEN the frosty kiss of autumn in the dark
Makes its mark
On the flowers, and the misty morning grieves
O'er fallen leaves.
Then my olden garden, where the golden soil
Through the toil
Of a hundred years is mellow, rich, and deep,
Whispers in its sleep.

'Mid the crumpled beds of marigold and phlox,
Where the box
Borders with its glossy green the ancient walks,
There is a voice that talks
Of the human hopes that bloomed and withered here,
Year by year—
Dreams of joy that brightened all the laboring hours,
Fading as the flowers.

Yet the whispered story does not deepen grief:
But relief
For the loneliness of sorrow seems to flow
From the Long-Ago.
When I think of other lives that learned, like mine,
To resign,
And remembered that the sadness of the fall
Comes alike to all.

With regrets, what longings for the lost were theirs!
And what prayers
For the silent strength that nerves us to endure
Things we cannot cure!
Pacing up and down the garden where they paced,
I have traced
All their well-worn paths of patience, till I find
Comfort in my mind.

Faint and far away their ancient griefs appear:
Yet how near
Is the tender voice, the careworn kindly face,
Of the human race!
Let us walk together in the garden, dearest Heart—
Not apart!
They who know the sorrows other lives have known
Never walk alone.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Mr. Newcar (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased automobile—to his new chauffeur)—"Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood—I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is fast enough for me. What I want is comfort—not excitement. Do you understand?"

Three days later—"Er'er, William, I must be back to the house by seven o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster, without danger?"

Two days later—"William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead. It seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day—"Put on a little more speed, William. There's no use in being a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance."

A week later—"Open her up, William! There are no police within five miles, I'll bet, and if there are, who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her zip! Let her zip!! This is no steamroller! Let's have some speed!" —Life.

As I opened the door I saw a man with a burglar's mask, kneeling before the safe.

The next moment he had turned and shoved a revolver into my face.

"Throw up your hands!" he said.

I did so.

"You understand," he remarked pleasantly, "that I can, under the present circumstances, loot the premises at my pleasure?"

I confessed that he could.

"You realize that you are at my mercy?" he asked.

"I do," I replied.

"You acknowledge that I can blow you to kingdom come if I like?" he persisted.

"Certainly," I admitted.

"Well, then," he said, "you will be interested to know that I got in without difficulty through your parlor window. Had it been equipped with Smith's Patent Safety Burglar Alarm and Preventer, this could not have happened. Installed, complete with batteries, for fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents. Allow me to hand you a circular. Good-night, sir."

Therewith, pocketing his revolver, he withdrew.—Judge.

Weggie—"I say, Cholly, what a deucedly homely fellow they have for quarterback on that team, you know." Percy—"Aw, yes, but you see, old fellow, he'll pass in a crowd."—Harvard Lampoon.

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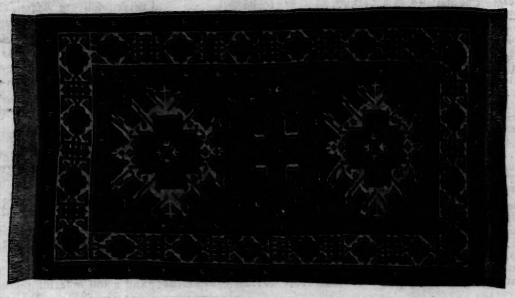

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